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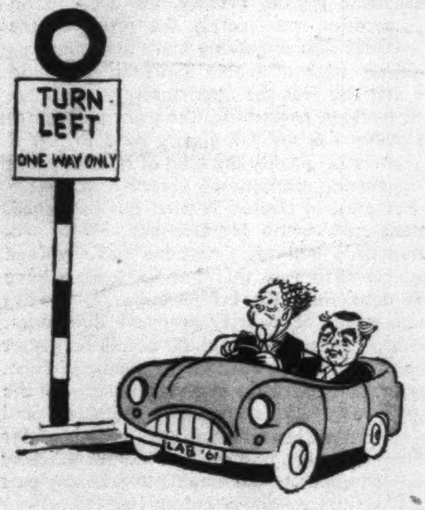

LABOUR'S NEW HOME POLICY

Signpost to the Left?

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Penalties of Poverty

★

A. ALVAREZ
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Mr Haxell's Silent Accomplices

MR JUSTICE WINN'S judgment in the ETU case, after a long and scrupulously fair trial, fully confirm the charges that this journal first made several years ago. Throughout this period Mr Haxell and his associates have claimed that these charges were untrue, that they were made by 'the capitalist press' in order to discredit their militant leadership and that they were a prelude to new legislation designed to cripple the whole trade union movement. They ignored detailed evidence that the union rules had been changed, that elections had been faked and that their opponents were prevented from stating their case or running in elections. The democratic rights of the branches had been suppressed by an executive dominated by a Communist fraction. The only defence offered was equivocation and the cry of 'witch-hunt'.

Regrettably this defence was helped by many people in the Labour movement who knew that things were rotten in the ETU but believed that silence was preferable to honesty. Their motives were various. Some genuinely believed that, once the ETU scandal was exposed, other unions might also be damaged, by hostile public opinion or even by a Tory parliament. Some were convinced that this was a matter which the ETU members should deal with themselves, without recourse even to the TUC, let alone the courts. Some feared that if the precedent of exposure were established the Communists would 'blow' unsavoury information about the links between certain trade union personalities and Aims of Industry or Catholic Action. And there was even a cynical group which knew very well what was happening but accepted, as a redeeming fact, Mr Haxell's dubious claim that the ETU leaders were doing a good industrial job for their members.

Events have proved which was both the honourable and effective course. If the affairs of the ETU have been reduced to scandalous and public chaos, it is because the trade union movement (which would have been the most appropriate tribunal) did not move more quickly to tell the truth about this conspiracy and to deal with it. Those who chose silence became in fact the unwitting accomplices of a Communist clique which was destroying democracy in one union and bringing discredit on them all.

Trade unions have a privileged position in our society – one that they should jealously guard. They have certain rights of self-government and immunity under the law, which were thought necessary in the past to ensure that they could control their own affairs without interference from employer or public prosecutor. But they enjoy such privileges on two conditions; first, that their affairs are conducted properly, with regard to legal and democratic procedures and, secondly, that these considerable powers are not used to oppress any individual member. Subject to certain legal restraints, that is, they can keep their own house in order. But, if they fail to do so, and if grave abuses – however motivated – come to light, then there will inevitably be a clamour for changes in the law.

This could have grave consequences: the unions are already anxious about the implications of a recent case in which union officials were successfully sued for imposing a closed shop, and fear Tory suggestions that their ballots, their funds and even their political activities should be the subject of new laws. But how much stronger their position would have been today if they had not funked the truth about the ETU for so long. It was to avoid such a pass as the present scandal that this journal, at least, insisted month after month that silence was dangerous as well as dishonest.

For much more is at stake than the degree of Communist control over one union, important though that may be. It is how to preserve the democratic vitality and integrity of the Labour movement in an age when the choice is increasingly between corruption by an all-powerful idea and corruption by the shoddy values of the affluent society. In this situation honesty is the only course, and expediency – however well-intentioned – the road that leads to disaster.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

A Documentary Story

ANTHONY HOWARD

The atmosphere in the Commons Committee Room Number Seven was, it is commonly agreed, generally peaceful. Only downstairs – on the terrace, in the corridors or anywhere in fact where two or three Labour MPs were gathered together – were there scowls; but they were the scowls of those who do not like being left out of a happy occasion. For long before the Labour Party's National Executive held its special meeting on Tuesday night, the word had gone round that for once the Good Fairy was going to wave her wand, and that at the last – as the long day looked dangerously as if it was going to journey into night – all would be well.

And so, with the exception of a single dissenting voice from Ian Mikardo and of a squall provoked by the somewhat casual burial of the Labour Party's 1956 housing policy, it turned out. Not even the division bells clanging inconsiderately just as the controversial Public schools section was about to be put to the meeting caused a hitch. Although there was understandably some suspicion of the chairman's suggestion that they should just pop it through before the MPs had to scuttle away, when the slaves returned from the pull on the oars, through – in a beneficent haze of trade union tobacco smoke – the education section docilely went. At the end, as the documents (with their first sheets appropriately printed on blue) were stuffed back into the brief-cases, the smile was one of almost universal satisfaction: the departing footfalls on the green carpets carried with them a comforting thud of a sense of duty well done. There had, in fact, been scarcely a sinful action, barely an angry word.

It was not, of course, a complete surprise. Never perhaps in the annals of the Labour Party has the mountain laboured quite so hard to avoid producing a mouse. The story behind the document begins long ago back in those nail-bitten, jagged days in November 1960. At a time when the gauntlets were down, and the gloves were off, someone seems suddenly to have remembered that amid the gusty winds of Scarborough Mr Harold Wilson had given a verbal, and Mr Morgan Phillips a written, promise – that the executive would produce 'for future conferences reports on the major foreign and domestic problems facing our nation'.

If no one else remembered it, Mr Wilson (who one day really should go on television to compete with the memory man) at least did; and at the first meeting of the Home Policy sub-committee under his chairmanship he reminded his colleagues that there was work to do. So, slightly dispiritedly, a working party was set up. It ranged in membership from Mr Anthony Greenwood to Mr Fred Mulley (with Mr Gaitskell intervening) and among its members there were those who ruefully recalled that a preacher at a Labour Party conference service had once rather tactlessly inquired whether two could walk together 'except they be agreed'.

But on this occasion eight people managed to. Once or twice they stumbled and fell – but always there was the indefatigable Mr Peter Shore and his research department in Transport House to pick them up. With vague and deliberately general directives as to what it wanted to hear about, the committee held together through some particularly tense and troubled times; and when it wound up its slightly desultory activities in April, it at least had behind it a 15,000 word document in which the head of the Labour Party's research department had poured out his heart.

There followed a slightly anxious period. The document passed into the hands of the Home Policy Sub-committee – and seemingly inevitably into the hands of the newspapers as well. 'Labour Take-All Bid', blared the headlines, and one or two people began to take fright. It was, in fact, at this stage that the battle for integrating the Public schools into the state system was lost on the playing fields of Eton, and that a rather decisive revenge was prepared for those three or four members of the sub-committee who at the last minute had attempted to strengthen the public ownership section.

Then came – at least for the original drafters – the darkest hour. On 16 May the Executive met and did something that it had not done for years: it turned down an official policy document presented to it by one of its own sub-committees – finding it unacceptable, at least in its present form. 'Too shrill', said some; 'tries to do too much', added others – while more basic men contented themselves with the blunt inquiry: 'What about the trade unions?' At this point at least one member of the National Executive became so discouraged that he committed himself to the view that there was no need for a policy document this year at all; the rest, however, decided that a good deal could clearly be saved from the wreck and resolved to reach for the scissors and paste. At first probably no more than that was envisaged; but from somewhere (whether spontaneous or instigated is not yet clear) came a suggestion that may in years to come find its memorial as 'the turning point of Labour's fortunes' in some formidable American thesis. 'Why don't we just', some cheerful soul suggested brightly, 'leave it in the hands of the officers?'

Signposts for the Sixties 1034
London Diary. Charon 1036
The Indian Way. Elizabeth Hoyt .. 1038
Penalties of Poverty. Audrey Harvey .. 1040
At the Frontier. Anthony Carson .. 1042
Correspondence. Thomas Byrne, Robert McKenzie, D. H. Tribe, Lord Beaverbrook and others 1042
Books in General: Fine Old Eye. Donald Davie 1047
Reviews. Hugh Seton-Watson, V. S. Pritchett, A. Alvarez, J. P. W. Mallalieu, Colin Haycraft, John Mander, Matthew Hodgart, Michael Foot, Kingsley Martin 1048
Two Poems. Louis MacNeice 1054
Arts and Entertainment. Reyner Banham, David Drew, V. S. Pritchett, William Whitebait, J. P. W. Mallalieu, Dan Jacobson, Roger Gellert .. 1056
Week-end Competitions 1060
City Lights. Taurus 1062
Science Notebook. Nigel Calder .. 1062

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NEXT WEEK

Chaos in the Motor Industry

J. P. W. MALLALIEU MP

Revolution in the City

HUGH TREVOR-ROPER

It was an unfamiliar formula. Usually on a matter of drafting the National Executive has simply deputed those of its members who have the pens of ready writers to put in the semi-colons and to introduce the odd racy journalistic phrase. Perhaps the decision on this occasion was merely the result of the knowledge that something more than that was required; or conceivably someone really did see that this was the opportunity to establish in a working partnership the principal figures on whom Labour will clearly have to rely if it is to make quickly the kind of headway that is now being dramatically forecast for it.

For that, of course, is what has happened. In the past month Mr Gaitskell, Mr Brown, Mr Wilson and Mr Crossman have worked together in a way that Labour leaders have not done since the last election. As always there were, of course, practical difficulties; work on the task allotted did not, in fact, start in any seriousness until the beginning of June, for the simple reason that the chairman of the party was away in Greece on holiday – and by the time he returned the treasurer, Mr Harry Nicholas, had already left for Brittany and consequently was unable to take any part at all in the collective enterprise.

First came the ruthless cutting: out of the document went civil liberties, the National Health Service, and an all-embracing section on culture. Then came the apportionment of responsibility. Authorship is a blushing profession, but eventually the secret may not take too much dragging out that the whole of the section on land was written by Mr Gaitskell, that Mr Wilson drew heavily on his own Four Year Plan, already published in this journal, to fill the two sections on industrial planning and taxation, and that Mr Crossman returned to his familiar hunting grounds of education and welfare to declare war on behalf of the Labour Party against double standards both in youth and retirement.

Three weeks – and not many more meetings than weeks – saw the whole business through. For the Labour Party it was a startling illustration that matters, to be settled satisfactorily, do not need to be dragged out interminably. For once – if only as a result of proved need – the party escaped from the tyranny of 'committee democracy'; and since the result is generally agreed to have been beneficial, there is at least a question whether more traditional procedures may not have suffered a mortal blow.

But out of what took place there are perhaps likely to be more important results even than that. For one thing there is a new relation of confidence established between Mr Gaitskell and Mr Brown on one side, and Mr Wilson and Mr Crossman on the other. And for another there is the proved irrelevance, at any rate in a large field, of such outside cohorts to win battles when settlements can without too much difficulty be obtained. Not much less important than what the document has to say is perhaps the new mood that it signifies. It almost, in fact, begins to look as if, after nearly six years, the Labour leadership may have discovered the party's point of balance.

Comments on the Week's News

Rhodesia

The Great Betrayal

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: Kenneth Kaunda is the symbol of gradualism in Northern Rhodesia. He has made desperate and sustained efforts to work with Mr Macleod on an evolutionary policy. The measure of Mr Macleod's failure is to be judged from the unreserved denunciation of his constitutional plan which Mr Kaunda has felt compelled to declare. Once again the moderate constitutional approach has been discredited.

The Northern Rhodesian constitution, indeed, betrays both principles which should be fundamental to British colonial policy: the promotion of democracy and of non-racialism. Its complicated obscurities are calculated to reduce the British pattern of democracy to a laughing-stock throughout Africa. The basic purpose of democracy is to represent the will of the people as accurately as possible. In order to persuade a newly emerging nation of the value of this concept each stage in its evolution must be clearly seen to achieve this purpose. If the plan is so complicated that it cannot even be understood in this country, it can hardly be expected that Africans will do better.

On the racial issue the constitution exposes the hypocrisy of both Sir Roy Welensky and his supporters in this country when they claim to stand for the principle of non-racialism. There are two main communities in Northern Rhodesia. The European minority of about 75,000 holds most of the political and economic power and is desperately trying to preserve its dominance. The African majority of over two million claims that it is entitled to a majority share of power. The task of the British government, if it aims at creating a genuine non-racial nation, retaining the European contribution whilst promoting trust in democracy, is to provide a phased progress which will at one and the same time lead whites and blacks to think of themselves as Rhodesians and develop a genuine democratic structure. It has succeeded in achieving this purpose in Tanganyika and is making progress towards it in Kenya. Now, alas, an unholy alliance between Sir Roy Welensky and the anti-Macleod Tories in London has forced Mr Macleod to change the whole character of his new constitution. Instead of the middle block of National members being elected by higher and lower rolls, with equal weight given to each, his new arrangement provides for one African and one European to be elected in each of four double member constituencies, with the remaining six from either race. The minimum percentage vote demanded for each candidate is no longer to be obtained from each roll; it is to be secured from each race. Skin colour replaces 'responsible' qualifications. Thus for the purpose of electing the National members the number of higher and lower roll qualifications is abandoned and the electorate divided between black and white.

It is perfectly true theoretically that either the European United Federal Party or the African Nationalists can still win an electoral majority. But Welensky calculates that the strong block of pro-Federation Europeans will be able to use a handful of splinter Africans outside the vast African opposition to Federation in order to gerrymander a bare majority. Having failed over eight years to convince the African population that Federation means anything other than the preservation of white supremacy, the Welensky-Sandys alliance is making a last desperate attempt to dragoon the Federal population against its will. The attempt will fail, and it can only provoke racial antagonism, weaken the non-racial influence in both communities and destroy that mutual racial trust which alone can preserve security for the whites themselves.

Trades Unions

The Cricklewood Story

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes:* The strike at Smiths Motor Accessories at Cricklewood, which was settled on Wednesday, threatened the livelihood of thousands of workers in the motor industry as well as a serious slice of the export trade. It occurred in defiance of official instruction both from the AEU and from the General & Municipal Workers, who share the representation of the men and women on strike.

I spent Wednesday at Cricklewood. The night before, leaders of the two main unions had announced on wireless and TV that they had agreed a formula with the employers which the strikers might accept. From 9 am on the Wednesday the strike leaders had been hanging around in cafes waiting to see this formula. AEU District Officers arrived during the morning but could not discuss the formula until the General & Municipal Workers officials were there. Some time later the strikers learned that Mr Jim Matthews of the General & Municipal was detained at a meeting of the National Executive of the Labour Party and that a District Organiser would be on his way. This District Organiser had not turned up when I left at noon – and before the formula could be put to the mass meeting at 2 pm it had to be discussed by the Works Committee.

This is part of the trouble at Cricklewood. The products of Smiths Motor Accessories – speedometers, petrol gauges, thermometers and all the other gadgets on the dash-board of a car – change continually with the change of fashions and car models. Each new job may need a new rate; but the unions have not enough full-time men to be on the spot so frequently. So the negotiations have to be done by shop stewards.

Here is the second cause of trouble. The shop stewards go first to the foreman. He seldom has the authority to decide; so they go to the section leader of the time and motion department. If the issue is small, *he* may be able to decide; but more likely he passes things on to the Production-Cost-Control Manager. Thence the workers go to the Works Manager and Works Committee and if there is still no settlement they 'register a failure to agree' At that they may go to the Group Personnel Executive and from him to York for national decision. All this could take two months – but during that time workers are on the old rates. And it *could* take several years. This dispute – by 'wild-catters' – is the climax of 2½ years negotiation, and by this time the job in dispute is virtually over and negotiations over a new job are under way.

Why do these things take so long? Partly it is because the lower management at Smiths has little authority. Partly it is because national negotiations on highly individual and varied jobs are difficult. Partly I think it is due to lack of goodwill.

If I were working in this industry and found that union officials could not be on the spot most of the time and did not turn up even on crisis day until close to the dead-line; if I found that negotiations by my shop stewards went tortuously through many channels where I was told (a) 'I have no authority'; (b) 'we'll have to consult the Group'; (c) 'national negotiations are pending' – I would go on strike for a new wages structure as these men and women did, and for better negotiating machinery. And the national press would call me a wild-catter, Labour members would tell me to go back to work, and Conservative members would say that I ought to be punished.

There's nothing wrong with the shop stewards at Smiths except perhaps that they've been too patient – there has been no dispute there for 4½ years and then the workers were called out by national decision of the union. But there *is* something wrong with the unions, who cannot even be on the spot in times of crisis, and with managements who are not allowed to give decisions. I'm glad, for their sake and ours, that the strikers went back. And I hope that authority, both union, management and government, will now see how a comparatively small company can threaten not only a major industry but the country as a whole simply because the methods of negotiation in it are so bad.

Paris

The Green Anger

K. S. KAROL *writes: La Colère Verte* – the sudden explosion of peasant discontent which began in Brittany a fortnight ago – has now spread over virtually the whole of rural France As I write, communications all over the country are imperilled and motorists setting out on a journey are liable to be held up for hours by improvised barricades. Even the famous *route bleue* from Paris to the Riviera was cut on Monday. To be sure, there has so far been little real violence – other than verbal – but now that the agitation has reached the South, where temperaments are more volatile, serious trouble is likely.

It is something of a mystery how the revolt spread from Britanny to the whole of France without, apparently, any central planning. True, the main agricultural union has been invited to take part in talks with the government, but many observers doubt if the union is the real controlling force. It is said that extreme right-wing elements are behind it, particularly in the south-west, where a good many ex-settlers from Algeria have established themselves in the last three years. This might explain why some of the demonstrators are no longer content to attack M. Debré, and are howling against the Fifth Republic and de Gaulle himself.

This is, in a sense, logical, for the structure of the Republic is itself one of the factors in the revolt. De Gaulle has virtually liquidated parliament as an institution and has thus removed an important safety-valve in French public life. Already, last year, the peasants were becoming uneasy about growing agricultural surpluses and had been lobbying deputies for reforms in the distribution system and guaranteed prices. Most of the deputies were sympathetic and in March 1960 signed an appeal to the President for a special convocation of parliament. It was rejected by de Gaulle, and since then the peasants have felt that legal action through parliament was useless. It is not surprising they have turned to direct action.

Unfortunately, the de Gaulle regime does not even possess the merits of its defects. It is unparliamentary; but equally, it is not effectively dictatorial. Under Article 16 of the constitution, de Gaulle possesses all the powers he needs to deal with a situation like this. But he is most reluctant to use them. This is why the generals are unimpressed by his right to set up special courts, why plotters against the state operate with as much freedom as under the Fourth Republic, and why the peasants can disrupt the life of the country with impunity. Indeed, in some respects this allegedly 'strong' regime is weaker than the phantom governments before 1958. This week-end it is widely believed in Paris that more unpleasant surprises are on the way.

Kuwait

A Question of Motive

What lies behind General Kassem's curious claim to sovereignty over Kuwait? At first glance, it seems almost inexplicable. The claim could not be sustained in any international court. Iraq is a purely artificial creation, carved out of an old Turkish province after the First World War to ensure British dominance of the Mosul oilfields and the headwaters of the Persian Gulf. It has no historic claim to Kuwait, which had an independent existence, under British protection, while Iraq was still ruled from Istanbul.

Nor is Kassem likely to do any better if he resorts to force. Kuwait already seems assured of the diplomatic backing of the UAR and Saudi-Arabia (both of whom, together with Persia, would dearly like to swallow the Emirate themselves), and this is likely to be confirmed by an emergency meeting of the Arab League, which plans to elect Kuwait a member. Of course, none of these powers could or would render Kuwait effective assistance if Kassem's army crossed the border; but under the new treaty of alliance with Britain, which replaced the old protectorate this month, Britain has an obligation to provide military aid if Kuwait requests it. Kassem must know that the British government would relish the opportunity to intervene in Kuwait with the acquiescence if not the approval of the Arab League and the UN. (Hence the stories, now circulating in Cairo, that the whole thing is a British plot of great subtlety and that Kassem, like Nuri Said, his predecessor, is merely acting on British instructions.)

In fact the subtlety may well be coming from Kassem. Knowing that an outright claim to Kuwait must fail, he is nevertheless anxious to establish some legal foothold, however vague, which can be exploited later. His ultimate objectives are plain enough. Since 1957, the international oil market has sagged; the increase in demand has slowed down and proved reserves have expanded much faster than production; moreover, Russia is now entering the market in growing volume and at cut-rate prices. The big oil companies are worried, but in one respect the trend comes as a relief to them – they are no longer so vulnerable to the threat of nationalisation which the Arab governments were able to exert in the fifties. The power of the producer countries could, of course, be restored if they were genuinely willing to act in concert; they are, however, bitterly divided among themselves and a series of producers' conferences has produced nothing more than paper agreements. Kuwait is the biggest threat to an oil-power anxious for a showdown with the international companies. Its oil is cheap and close to the sea; its reserves are exceptionally large, and its production can be boosted faster than in any other field in the area. It was Kuwaiti production which the companies used to break Persian resistance during the Abadan crisis. If Kassem wanted a showdown with IPC, Kuwait would certainly be employed against him too.

For this reason he is obviously anxious to establish some hold over the Kuwaiti government. The present Ruler is old and the succession quite uncertain. There are already two powerful candidates in the field and in recent months there have been open disputes in the ruling family. It is quite possible therefore that Kassem has already come to a private agreement with one of the contenders and guaranteed him Iraqi support (which would probably be decisive) in return for an acknowledgment of sovereignty, when the present Ruler dies. Hence the Iraqi move should, perhaps, be seen as the first step in a carefully-planned operation.

Congo

Tshombe's Choice

Recent developments in the Congo may be the first sign of an incipient willingness among Congolese politicians to substitute discussion for terrorism. There is at least a chance, since both President Kasavubu and Mr Gizenga are agreed on it, that the parliament will be reconvened, though no date can be forecast. Moreover Mr Tshombe promised on his release that Katanga deputies would attend. The immediate issue is whether Tshombe will keep to this promise now that he has returned to Elizabethville – whether indeed he will be allowed to even if he wishes to. During Tshombe's six weeks' absence his lieutenants have been struggling amongst themselves. Mr Kibwe, the Katanga Finance Minister, has always remained adamant that Katanga revenues and mining investment must remain in the hands of the Katanga government. On the other hand Mr Munongu, the Minister of Interior, who has also been acting as Foreign Minister, has shown himself prepared to reach an accommodation with the United Nations and perhaps even with President Kasavubu. Even he, however, insists that Katanga shall not be subordinate to the central government in Leopoldville and the farthest he is prepared to go is to consider a confederation. Behind the immediate issue of Katanga's relations with the central government lies the crucial question whether the mining revenues of Katanga, or any part of them, shall be available to a central government or jealously retained in Elizabethville. The separatist desires of Katanga politicians may be strengthened by the large profits recently declared by the Union Minierè and by the dubious visit of an envoy from Sir Roy Welensky. Nevertheless, when they appreciate the growing strength of the Leopoldville government, now that it has reached some agreement with Stanleyville, Tshombe & Co. may feel that separatism is too risky.

Indonesia

A Non-Aligned Visit

DOROTHY WOODMAN *writes*: As President Sukarno recently flew over Britain and exchanged the customary courtesies with Mr Macmillan, he accepted a British government invitation to visit Britain in the near future. The incident is only one of several examples that at long last Indonesia is recognised as an important Asian country in her own rights, not as an outer suburb of the Netherlands. Last month, for instance, the chairman of the FBI mission to South-east Asia singled out Indonesia, with its 80 million people and vast untapped resources, as having an enormous potential for British trade.

This new recognition of Indonesia is underlined by next week's visit to Britain of General Abdul Harris Nasution, Minister of Defence and Army Chief of Staff. His background is similar to that of other army leaders in the ex-colonial countries of South-east Asia: initial training in the colonial army; an official part during the Japanese occupation; a guerrilla leader, and finally one of the builders of the national army. For the past three years he has been fighting to put down an internal rebellion which seems to have ended this week with the surrender in western Sumatra of Colonel Husain, the leader of the rebels.

General Nasution comes to London after a series of visits which reflects his country's policy of non-alignment. The delegation he led to Moscow resulted in an arms agreement which will double Indonesia's military strength. On his way, he announced at Dusseldorf the purchase of $30m of military equipment from West Germany. And, earlier this month, he signed an agreement on credits for Yugoslav arms and technical co-operation. Similarly in her eight-year plan, Indonesia has the co-operation whether financial or technical of Americans, Russians, Japanese and British. The largest, as well as the most imaginative, economic aid is the 250 million dollars the Russians are spending on development projects – hydro-electric plants in Sumatra; steel mills in Java; a rice growing pilot project in Kalimantan (Borneo); 400 miles of roads through hitherto impenetrable jungles; and, on the island of Amboina, a Technological Institute of shipbuilding and commercial fishing. When Nasution signed the arms agreement with the Soviet Union, he said: 'Our struggle depends on Indonesia itself. Russia and other anti-colonial countries are supporting us, but the final decision rests on us'.

The two problems uppermost in his mind when he arrives in London on Monday will be non-alignment and the peaceful transference of West Irian (Dutch New Guinea). Sukarno, Nasser and Tito were the three signatories for the invitation to the forthcoming conference of neutralists at Bled in September. As for West Irian, Nasution has been an energetic Chairman of the National Front for the Liberation of West Irian since 1958. During his recent talks with Mr Menzies, observers reported less Australian resistance than before to a new approach on the subject. Meanwhile, in Holland, not only leading business interests, which always had doubts about the wisdom of Dutch policy, but intellectual circles, and several Labour MPs, have publicly advocated negotiations. Britain, the ally of Holland in Nato and of Australia in the Commonwealth, could not more effectively secure the friendship of Indonesia than by encouraging a new move on West Irian.

Business interests have long questioned the realism of their government's policy. Recently an influential group of them made personal contacts with President Sukarno and some of his ministers, and the Dutch Prime Minister has allowed it to be known this week that he had not opposed this initiative. General Nasution himself described it to correspondents in Bonn as exploratory and useful – a potential basis for restoring normal relations between the two countries. The US, despite the Nato tie with the Dutch, takes a more friendly attitude than Britain has done to Indonesia's claims to West Irian. Mr Macmillan might bear in mind when he meets General Nasution that no other single factor could contribute more to goodwill between this country and Indonesia than a change in this aspect of British policy.

New York

Disaster on Broadway

ROBERT BENDINER *writes:* With a lull in politics and summit diplomacy and the news columns padded with Commencement addresses, the moment is opportune to mark the end of the most disastrous season in the history of Broadway. The doom of the New York theatre has been sounded so often that viewers with alarm get the attention normally reserved for those who cry wolf. But when organised playwrights voluntarily vote that a member may settle for half his royalties until his show begins to make money, it is clear that a time of troubles has come to Times Square.

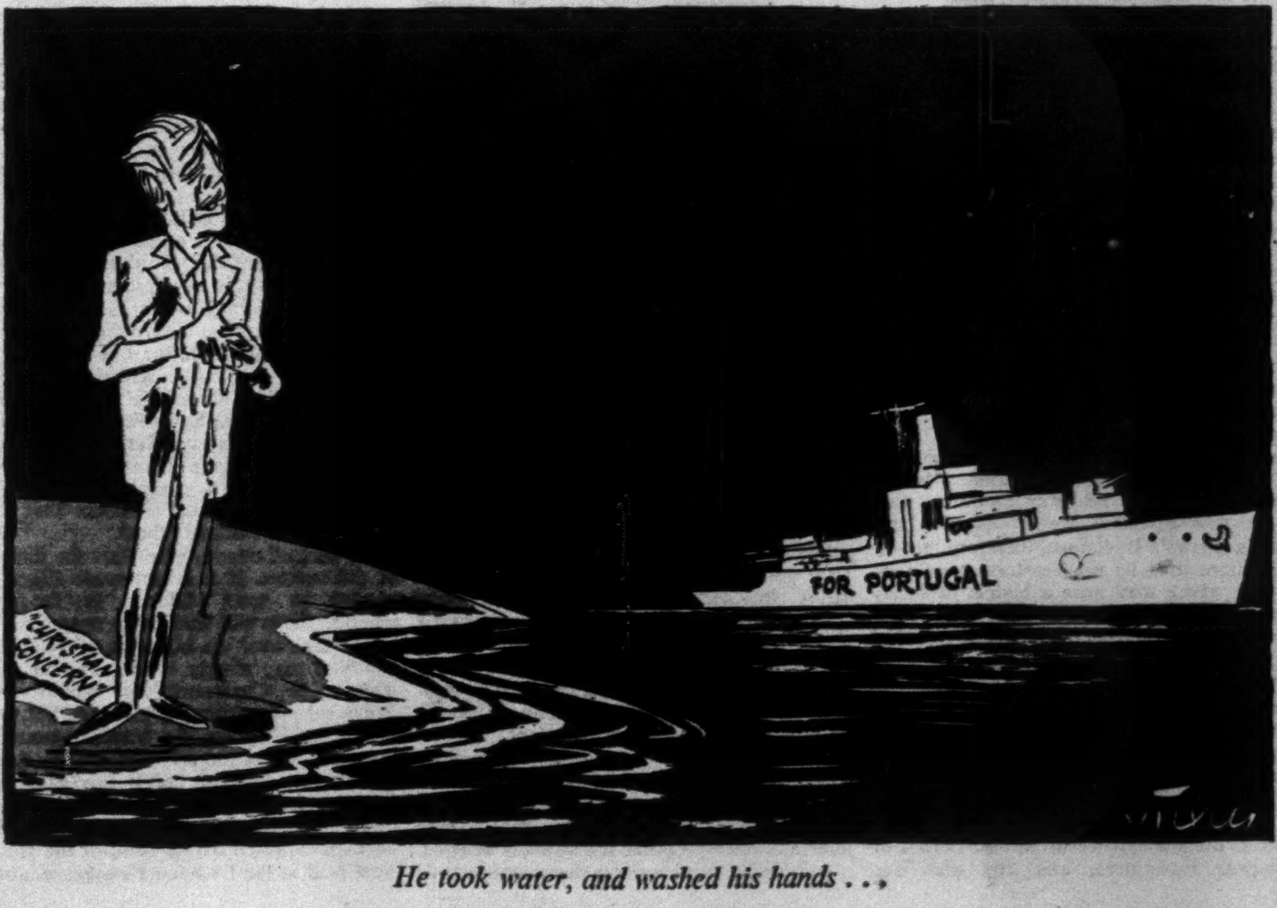
What prompted the Dramatists Guild to this not quite characteristic action is the startling degree to which Broadway has been thinning out. There are only half as many theatres today as there were 30 years ago, and quite a few of them are empty so much of the time that they are almost sure to be converted, as some have already been, into more profitable units of culture, like parking lots and 'grind' movie houses, operating around the clock. Where 264 productions were put on in 1928, this year's total sank to 46, of which not more than six or seven will ever repay their investors, and not more than two or three will be remembered a month after their final curtain falls.

Such are the economics of the theatre, if the word can be used to describe such weird financial goings-on, that a serious drama has almost no chance to return its investment, even when it is well received. Responsible people in the profession look forward dismally to future New York seasons consisting of four or five elaborate musical blockbusters and a few sexy comedies. In that case, they say, the theatre that produced O'Neill, Sherwood, Wilder and Hellman, and later Miller, Williams, Inge and Chayevsky will have to find a haven in struggling community playhouses and on university campuses.

What seems to have brought Broadway to its present plight is a pervasive avarice going beyond the normal requirements of commercialism. A star can demand $4,000 or $5,000 a week out of sheer vanity and get it, because without a big name it is difficult to attract 'angels'. A writer, getting ten per cent of the gross receipts, can take in $2,500 a week even while the show is losing money. Under union rules a head electrician who flips a switch four times an evening can command $350 a week for his services. The Flanders and Swann show, *At the Drop of a Hat*, played to good houses here for seven months but lost money even on a small investment of $50,000, because it had to pay four musicians a total of $877 a week to featherbed in silence off-stage.

More ominous than costs is the increasing evidence that the theatre is no longer maintained for theatre-lovers at all, but for two groups of people who go to shows only incidentally for what may be seen or heard on the stage. One are the expense-account executives who think nothing of paying a scalper $50 for a pair of $8.80 tickets to a hit show in order to soften up a potential customer. The difference between the printed price and the black market price is known as 'ice', and there is enough of it to keep the whole show world solvent if it went to the production itself rather than to line the pockets of outside parasites and shady operators within the theatre as well.

The other group for whom shows are currently put on, and possibly conceived, are benefit parties, charitable affairs for which half or all the seats at a given performance are bought en bloc and sold at twice the normal price as a way of raising funds for a cause. The audience attends not because it particularly wants to see the show but because it has been gently coerced by some ladies' aid society or church or political group. Hit shows, mostly musicals and light comedies, are solidly booked for months at a stretch by these theatre parties, and between them and the icemen practically all the tickets are cornered. As playgoers they would not willingly see *Hamlet* unless it were recast as a musical, with Mary Martin as Ophelia and Ray Bolger as the singing-dancing Dane; but what Broadway wants today is a guaranteed audience, not lovers of the theatre.



He took water, and washed his hands . . .

Signposts for the Sixties

When the Labour Party conference meets this autumn it will be ten years since Labour held office, and throughout that period the party has tried - hitherto without success - to work out a new policy which would serve three main purposes. It must, in the first place, offer a clear alternative to the complacent stagnation of the economy under successive Tory governments: that means a plan for expansion. Secondly, it must be relevant to the social and moral problems, as well as the economic, created by the affluent society - to all that is implied in the contrast between private enrichment and public squalor. And, thirdly, it must be close enough to the central Socialist tradition of the Labour movement (which alone offers a long-term design for reshaping British society) to command the enthusiastic loyalty of the rank and file.

It is, however, much easier to state these objectives than to reconcile them, especially when the movement has been torn by internal dissension for a decade and every policy debate has begun with mutual distrust and ended in mutual recrimination. For years now, anybody suggesting that something more than a revival of the doctrines of 1945 was needed as an answer to the problems of the Sixties has been greeted with angry cries of 'revisionism' from the left of the party. Conversely, the left has been damned as old-fashioned and fundamentalist for insisting that unless Labour sustained its Socialist beliefs - particularly in public ownership - it would end as a rag-bag of liberal reformers chasing the middle-class vote. In such circumstances it was inevitable that policy was discussed less on its merits than as a by-product of factional struggles. And this is the essential reason why, from the first Bevanite campaign through the 're-thinking' of the Fifties to the long quarrels on defence and Clause Four, Labour has never seemed an effective opposition.

For such reasons the new policy document *Signposts for the Sixties* is decisively important. If it passes the three crucial tests - planning for expansion, a critique of the affluent society and a Socialist sense of direction - it can restore the fighting spirit of the Labour movement. But if it fails, then the prospect is bleak. Little more than two years remain for Labour to prepare for an election which will decide whether it has a future.

But does the new draft pass these crucial tests, succeeding where more elaborate policy documents - such as the nine pamphlets which appeared between 1956 and 1959 - failed either to unify the party or impress the electorate? It is, we are told, a 'statement of attitude to post-war capitalism and of the new direction we would give the nation's affairs'. It claims, therefore, to be much more than its predecessors, despite its brevity: where they were a budget of social reforms crammed together without a clear intention, this document sets out to provide the framework of Labour's national plan.

The first test to apply is that of economic expansion. It is now evident even to Conservatives that something drastic must be done to restore the economy: that is why, after a decade in which Tory freedom has worked to produce stagnation, they incline to the shock treatment of the Common Market. But the essence of Britain's problem is higher investment, and any plan for growth must ensure that investment is concentrated on measures that will raise production. That was the point of Mr Harold Wilson's Four-Year Plan (published in this journal on 24 March) which set out the measures by which a Labour government could get Britain moving again.

These, in fact, are the measures set out in the new Labour policy. By means of a National Industrial Planning Board, which would set a scale of priorities for new capital investment, growth in both the public and private sectors would be promoted where it was needed most. But, if this policy is to be effective, it implies a much greater degree of public ownership and state intervention. Steel, the heart of the economy, must be renationalised; and nationalisation must be used as a way to secure an integrated transport system.

This does not simply mean more nationalisation on the old Morrisonian model. The document offers no shopping list: indeed, its terms are so broad that any uneasiness industry may feel about its potential scope could well be matched by the uncertainty of Socialists about the lengths to which a Labour government would actually go in extending the public sector. But it does contain welcome references to greater accountability for public enterprises, and to new worker-management relations, as well as to more flexible forms of public ownership - to joint ventures with private firms, or the creation of new plants within a given industry. These, indeed, would not be untried experiments: they already exist, but badly misused, under Tory government. What else is the fantastic subsidy to Cunard, or the subvention to the aircraft industry? The point is to ensure the public's return on its share of the investment. Nor is the state sponsorship of scientific research and development that Labour proposes new in principle: it is simply the vigorous extension of an existing programme.

In this respect, therefore, the Labour plan passes the test. Though there remain unanswered questions with which Mr Wilson will have to deal when he presents the document to the party conference - notably the kind of wages policy that this plan implies if consumption is to be held back while investment gains ground - its main principles are viable, and they are balanced by a taxation policy designed to reverse the trend towards inequality so marked in recent years. It is, one might say, a difference of approach illustrated by Mr Wilson's proposal for capital gains tax and Mr Lloyd's surtax relief. Unless tax policy gives some assurance of social equity, it is foolish to ask for trade union support for the investment plan.

The point of this plan is to provide for growth in a mixed economy by shifting the balance within it from the private to the public sector - the reverse, in fact, of the Tory policy that has led to economic stagnation. But such a change must necessarily be accompanied by the social measures to which the next test must be applied: how does Labour propose to substitute the collective for the selfish interest in social policy? The means to hand in the field of social security are familiar: in pensions, Labour has already marked out the way in which it will reduce the double standard of provision for old age by a scheme of wage-related national superannuation, and to that it now joins a similar proposal for sickness benefits.

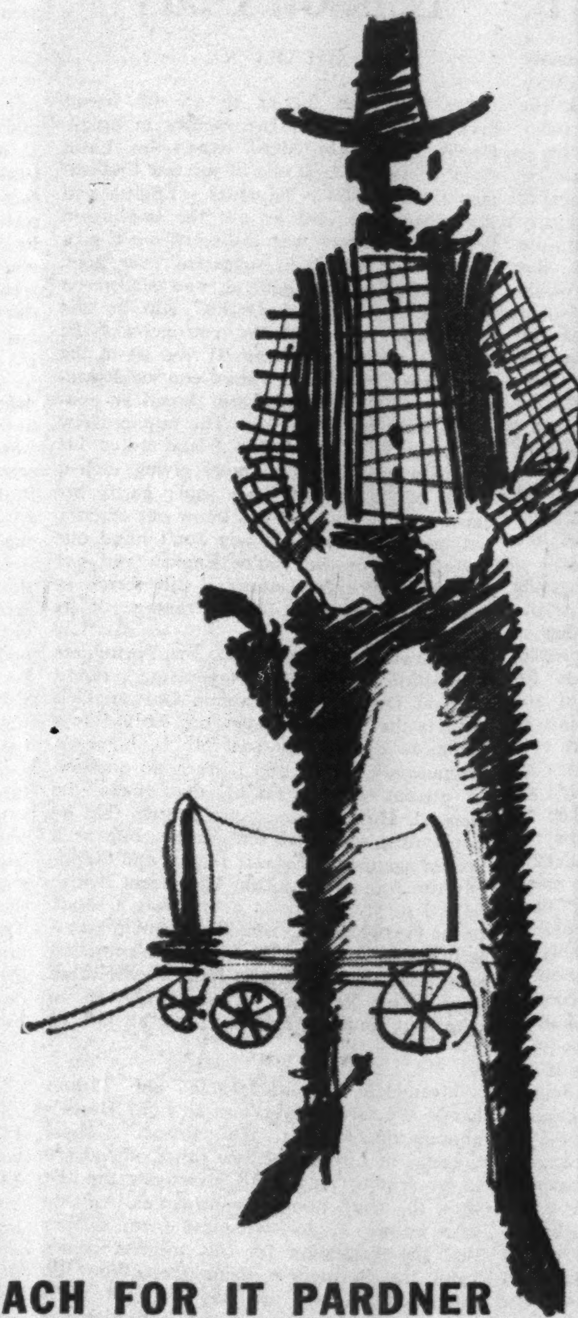
In housing, however, this document retreats from the scheme for general municipalisation on which Aneurin Bevan set such store. It proposes to bring back rent control, but reduces the parallel weapon of municipal ownership to an optional device of last resort - though this was originally designed as the means of ensuring that rented houses were kept up to a minimum standard even when rents were controlled. It also proposes to continue Labour's promise of low-interest loans for local authorities and home-buyers, and its intention to start more new towns. But its key proposal is an ingenious scheme whereby a Land Commission will acquire the freehold of any parcel of land when its use changes.

This imaginative device avoids large-scale problems of buying out all land or even, as Labour once tried, buying out the development right in land. But, since planning permission for development is to be made contingent on sale to the Land Commission, it ensures control over future building and a share in the eventual rise in value of developed land. How this scheme will work in detail is a matter for discussion. But no one can doubt that it is a genuine attempt to come to terms with two fundamental questions that the affluent society has not solved: first, how to provide houses at reasonable cost and in a planned fashion for millions who still live in slum or substandard homes; and, secondly, how to prevent the continuing sprawl of our cities and ensure a planned use of our scarce land.

Finally, there is the issue of education. Supporters of the Labour Party will agree with its general indictment of present-day education: classes are too large, teachers are too few and paid too little to make the profession attractive, the selective system is bad both socially and psychologically. The means of dealing with this are known, and are now primarily a matter of finding money. So too is the needed expansion of university and technical education, and the welcome plan to pay larger family allowances where children stay on at school. But it is much harder to come to terms with the problem of educational equality, even though a Labour government that does not face the challenge of the private sector in education shirks what Mr Crosland has rightly called 'the greatest single cause of stratification and class-consciousness in Britain'.

This is essentially a question of values, and it is at this point that the third test becomes relevant. Does this new programme demonstrate that Labour is concerned about reconstructing rather than reforming our society? It is a gain that at last the Labour Party has decided that the Public schools are not inviolable: its last educational pronouncement, *Learning to Live*, ludicrously proposed to let them wither away. But its complicated and, so far, obscure plan for vesting the Public schools in a special trust seems unlikely to convince its members that it is determined to eliminate them.

No one, of course, minimises the difficulty of this matter. If it is not made illegal for parents to send children to fee-paying schools, these will find some means of survival: take over the buildings of Winchester and you may simply send staff and pupils packing to Chatsworth or Woburn - with heavy subsidies from big business. Yet, while they exist, they are the breeding-ground of our class-system and all its snobberies. Let the trust make the best use it can of selected schools; let a Labour Chancellor abolish income-tax allowances and seven-year covenants, from which over a third of the fees are now paid at the Exchequer's expense, abolish



REACH FOR IT PARDNER

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fees at all universities and end the system of college entrance at Oxford and Cambridge, as Labour now proposes. All these are steps in the right direction. But they will have a cutting edge only in so far as Labour plainly declares its intention to eliminate these archaic relics of a class-elite from British education. Shirk this issue, and all other claims to reconstruct society seem hollow.

On this point, therefore, there must be more rigorous and consistent second thoughts - and it is a point, moreover, on which many Socialists may be surprised to find the 'revisionists' among the most radical. But this is not the only place where the whole question of Socialist values arises. It is significantly lacking in any analysis of the apparatus by which the values of inequality are sustained. There is nothing about television, commercial or BBC, about the cinema, the press or the mass persuaders – all of which are matters that puzzle and provoke the Young Socialists and the New Left. It takes Professor Galbraith's critique of the affluent society as a starting point, but lacks even his incisive indictment of the concept that the consumer is King.

Such comments suggest, however, that the best line of approach to *Signposts for the Sixties* is one of genuine criticism - that is, to seek ways in which it may be improved, defined and enlarged. The proposals for the Public schools and the absence of any 'cultural' policy are two obvious points of debate. But the retreat on housing and, even more, the ambiguity of the conditions on which public ownership may be extended are more serious - not least because, taken together, they are bound to arouse some suspicion about the willingness of the leadership to stand and fight for the long-range essentials of Labour's programme where these seem likely to mean short-term unpopularity. It is little use talking about inequality in education, about the failure of private-enterprise housing or about checking the concentration of economic power unless the Labour programme strikes at their root-causes.

With these important qualifications it can be said that this document is a great advance. It is relevant to the problems that concern the British people - how to use public enterprise to ensure an expanding economy, how to secure scientific advance, to deal with the pressing issues of housing and urban planning, to reduce the gross inequality in our social system and to provide a decent and improving education for all. Each of the measures proposed, moreover, will be cumulative as time goes on; yet taken together they make a reasonable, if heavy, legislative programme for the next Labour government. The signposts, that is, point unmistakably to the future.

Something more however is needed between now and the next election than merely fruitful dialogues between Mr Gaitskell and Mr Cousins, or Mr Crosland and the New Left – valuable though those might be after a decade of bitterness. Policy statements acquire definition and meaning only in the daily actions of a political party: it is fatuous to talk of Socialist policies in the country, if the Parliamentary Labour Party behaves like a group of nerveless Liberals in the House of Commons. This is where the crucial test of the present document will come. It will ensure neither unity in the party nor an attacking spirit, unless the leadership proves in its parliamentary attitudes and actions that it has the courage of these fresh convictions - and the stomach to fight for them, starting now.

London Diary

CHARON

I've just been talking to an old friend back in London after two months in Brazil. He is an acknowledged expert on Latin American affairs and one of the few Englishmen I know who is bilingual – English and Portuguese. He said he got the impression President Quadros was distinctly more pro-Castro than has been suggested over here, and determined, in general, and sincere in his policy of 'benign neutrality'. Rio, he tells me, is now very much the metropolis of the South American continent. If you sit in the bar of the Copacabana Palace you see delegations from all over the Latin American continent trooping in and out. The unpopularity of America is acute. My friend asked his Brazilian host why they were giving such a lavish party for him. They said: partly because we like you and you know our country but, more especially, if you don't mind our saying so, because you're English and not American. British commerce still seems as reluctant as ever to take advantage of its opportunities here.

Meanwhile, in Sao Paulo, the Portuguese Opposition-in-exile is organising round General Delgado and Captain Galvao. Delgado is the nominal leader but Galvao is a far more dynamic person. He is, however, scrupulously correct and there is no question at present of his taking over from the General. However, everyone expects that he is planning a further sensational coup as a protest against the Salazar regime and especially the Angola iniquities. The recent British refusal to grant Galvao a visa was a shock to the Portuguese in exile. They remain singularly unconvinced by David Renton's implicit suggestion that, as Britain has an extradition treaty with Portugal, to allow Galvao to enter this country might endanger his safety!

* * *

Meanwhile, knowledgeable old Lisbon hands are raising eyebrows at Lord Home's announcement that the British Consul General in Lisbon and one other official are to be sent to Angola to investigate, on the spot, the truth about the atrocities. Anyone who knows Anglo-Portuguese form divines that the suggestion for this mission comes from the Portuguese themselves. Who the other official will be has not yet been announced. My expert friend is tipping the Counsellor Commercial, T. C. Sharman. He was at one time Consul in Luanda and is personally on extremely friendly terms with the Portuguese Establishment.

* * *

From several conversations I've had during the past week I get the impression that the aspersions cast upon the integrity of the banks are causing a certain amount of alarm and despondency throughout the Establishment. 'How,' asked one lawyer in one of those key official positions, 'can you expect the underworld to hold the banks in awe when they are being accused of countenancing fiddling?' My ex-criminal friends tell me it's a fact that until quite recently nobody had done a jug (bank) for ages. It was something you never thought of. True, banks have always had something both ecclesiastical and funereal about them, a hangover, no doubt, from the era of primitive accumulation when puritanism had its twisted day. And our English banks were, so to say, the mother churches of the western world of finance. A peculiarly fascinating sidelight on bank security was flashed in conversation the other day with an insurance official. Did I realise, he asked, that the big banks were really very reluctant to increase their security precautions? 'For God's sake,' I said, 'why?' 'Look at it this way,' he said. 'Supposing a big bank with something like 1,500 branches decided to operate a brand-new thief-proof security plan all over the country. What would it cost? Perhaps half a million. But what is the estimated – actuarially, so to speak – annual take to be expected by bank thieves from this bank's branches? Probably not more than £30,000. There you have it.'

* * *

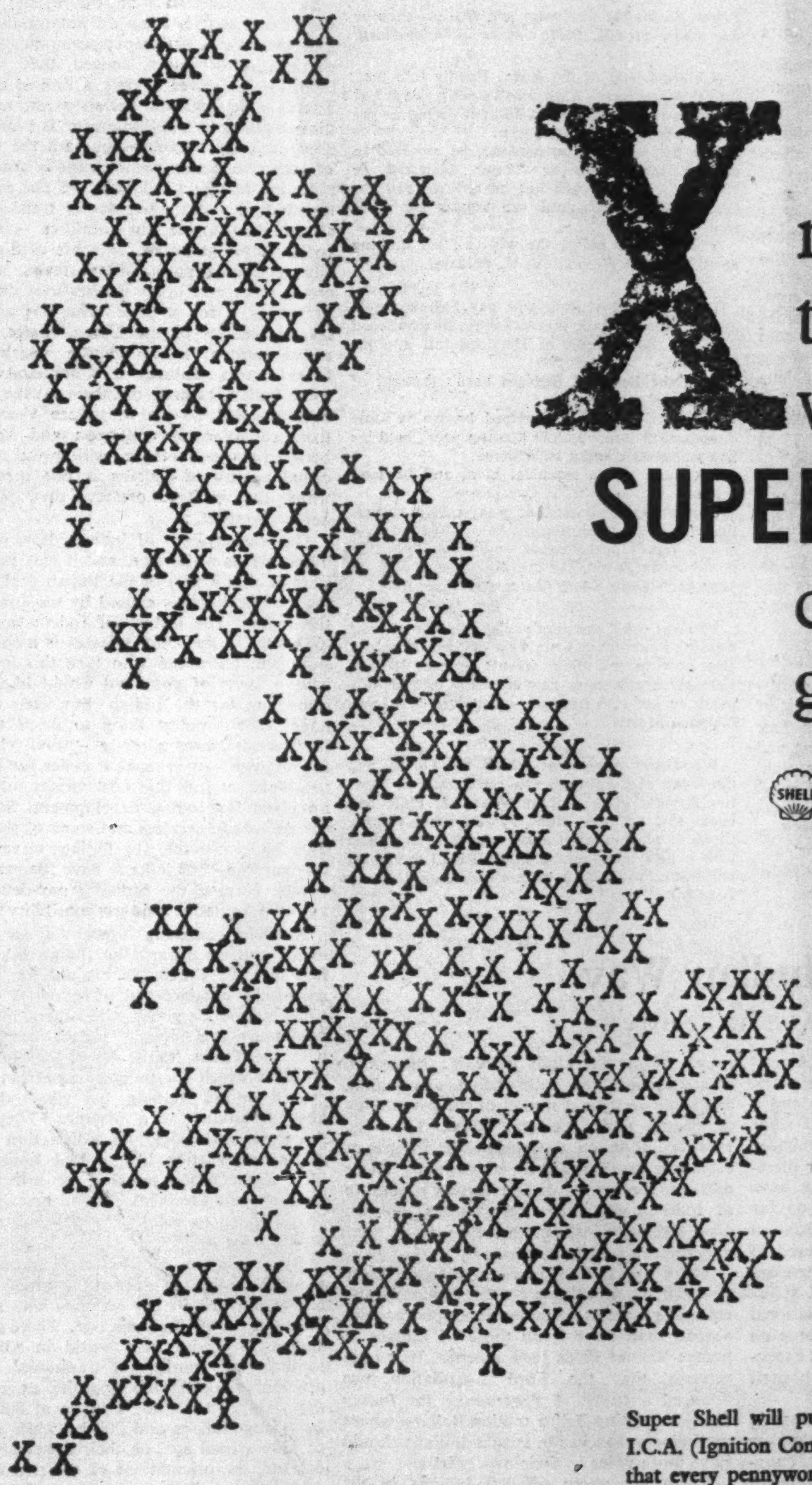
On the face of it, at the moment, it looks as if the mass break-out from Wandsworth was a case of prisoners spontaneously seizing an opportunity rather than one of those elaborately planned escapes with help from outside which the newspapers have been suggesting. Improvisation, so I'm told, is the essential art of 'having it away'. The situation inside Wandsworth does seem to be rather fierce. As the principal London recidivist prison, it's always been grim. Perhaps the oddest Wandsworth chronicle is the story known as: How They Tried To Top The Governor. It happened some years ago, but well within living memory. This particular governor was a martinet. A gang of tearaways, in together, swore they would have their revenge on him. They'd been able to study his movements carefully. One fine summer's evening a few days after their release they drove to Wandsworth Common and lay in wait not far from the prison on the route of the Governor's evening walk. They seized him and strung him up from the branch of a tree, jumped into their car and drove away at top speed. He was saved by his dog who barked so furiously that a passer-by came to see what was the matter, yelled for help and got him cut down in time.

* * *

Week-end visit to A. S. Neill at Summerhill. I found him, aged 77, seeming about ten years younger and delighting in a temperature of 83 degrees, relaxed, laconic and benign, looking like a wise red lizard. No thought of retiring. The numbers at Summerhill are coming up, and Neill has now got 32 children. He has, however, been compelled to take some problem children again, and though he hasn't lost his touch for coping with them, he doesn't want his present balance of normality to be upset. His chief complaint is staff shortage. He simply cannot afford to pay the Burnham Scale and has to rely on dedicated teachers who can't always be found. It seems monstrous that this pioneer free school, which has set the pattern for so much experiment and which is still flourishing, should be short of funds. Why can't, for instance, the Nuffield Foundation, supposed to be always on the look-out for original as well as worthy recipients for grants, put it on a permanently secure basis? Two sets of inspectors from the Ministry of Education have visited the school fairly recently and both made exceedingly favourable reports. One of them, I understand, was headed by the redoubtable Lady Helen Asquith, known as the Dragon.

* * *

I found the atmosphere at Summerhill curiously soothing and relaxed. The food, which I'll confess I'd been inclined to dread,



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was excellent. I was pleased by the school magazine which took the form of a wall newspaper. The mock-astrology column included these two entries:

> *Aries:* Be careful of white cats; they are a sure sign of schizophrenia.
>
> *Leo:* You will find three new girl-boy friends. You will have a very happy month because I am a Leo.

Neill himself has mellowed a bit, perhaps, as compared with his more militantly rebellious and hyper-Freudian phases. But he has not budged one inch on any of his main humanist points, especially the importance of freedom. If he worries at all, it is about the Bomb. Nobody I talked to in East Anglia was very happy about the proximity of the Bombs. After reading the US Congress committee's report, which declares that H-Bombs are stored in Britain under conditions that violate the Air Ministry's safety code, I'm not surprised. Neill complains, too, of the amount of middle-aged mental spread and conventionality all over the country. Why, he says, do they have to get a man of 77 to lecture on freedom? He was dismayed to find the other day that the Oxford Union rejected by quite a large vote the motion for which he was the principal guest speaker: that the Christian doctrine on chastity is out of date. The opposition was led by Frank Pakenham. I wish I'd heard the private discussion on hell-fire and the after-death whereabouts of Neill and Pakenham.

* * *

Strange cargo. One of the firms along the Thames River which used to make barges, of which there is now a glut owing to free enterprise run riot, has taken to wharfing and warehousing. This entails some rather elaborate packaging and transportation of varying cargoes. In their warehouse I was shown the other day, side by side, these consignments: vents for air-conditioning for dispatch to the USSR; ancient and pseudo-ancient swords and firearms for the US.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A close friend of the Royal Family told me: 'In this respect, Katharine's early days of marriage will be somewhat difficult whenever she is in the presence of the Queen.

'She will not, like an outsider, be required to address the Queen as "Your Majesty" or "Ma'am". Yet she will not be able to call the Queen "Elizabeth" until she knows her quite well.

'For the time being, she will call her nothing at all.' – *Daily Herald.* (V. N. Peaker.)

Ten thousand visitors will pay half a crown each at Ragley Hall, Warwickshire, this weekend – to see the Marquis of Hertford fall into his own lake.

Even the Duke of Bedford hasn't thought of *that* one.

You recall that Lord Hertford, known by some disrespectful locals as 'the floating peer', held his first water-ski display at Whitsun.

But there was a technical hitch and he sank – twice.

This unexpected incident was such a success that the 31-year-old marquis has now decided to give a repeat performance and has invited the public to watch him fall into the ten-acre lake on purpose. – *Daily Mail.* (Anita Finesilver.)

Workers who constantly clamour for shorter working hours irritate me. Few of them have any idea how to use their present leisure. If they were given any more time to waste, they'd only use it to get into trouble. – Letter in *Weekend.* (Stephen Morris.)

Woodwork equipment which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh saw boys using in Newton Aycliffe boys' club on May 27, 1960, had been lent to the club by Durham County Council, which took it away two days later. The club is now complaining that after 13 months it still has no tools of its own. – *Guardian.* (Morley Nicolls.)

The Indian Way

ELIZABETH E. HOYT

Two weeks ago a unique meeting of American Indians took place in Chicago, under the auspices of the University of Chicago and a group of Indians called the National Congress – unique because Indians of all shades of belief and opinion could speak for themselves. Too often in the past others have spoken for them. The immediate reason for the meeting is the change of administration in the US. President Kennedy is believed to be sympathetic to more economic development in the Indian reservations (a policy which is strongly favoured by the National Congress) and he has set up a task-force on Indian Affairs under W. W. Keeler, an executive of a petroleum company who is himself a Cherokee.

The issues facing American Indians are in many ways similar to those facing 'under-developed' minority groups in other countries: the native tribes of India, the Maori of New Zealand, the aborigines of Australia. In all those countries there have been changes of national government policy, and there are conflicts of policy now. In the US, at least, there is relatively little objective research on Indian issues to guide policy. Much research of certain kinds there is: historical, ethnographical and anthropological research, and some very good studies of the psychology of people under cultural stress. There is, however, little on the success or failure of economic development on reservations, under different conditions, on the success or failure of Indians who leave reservations, nor on what Indians want, and the reactions of their experience on what they want.

There has, indeed, been a great deal more research by Americans on the economic and cultural problems of under-developed peoples abroad than there is on those of Indians at home: distant fields look greener. It is only recently that the Ford Foundation has financed a study, *A Programme for Indian Citizens,* costing half a million dollars, whose preliminary conclusion is that Indians should have more voice in their own affairs.

There are about 600,000 Indians in the United States, distributed over the whole country, but most of them west of the Mississippi and in Alaska. The majority live on reservations. Health services for Indians have improved in the last decades, and the number of Indians is increasing. But the economic facilities to support these Indians on reservations, are, in many cases, taxed to the utmost.

Indians themselves, on the whole, are a withdrawn people. They do not usually present their views – except spasmodically and partially – to whites: indeed, they present them to themselves to only a limited degree. There is no national Indian press, and although the term 'pan-Indianism' is sometimes used, its chief manifestations are the spread of such symbols or culture traits as the totem pole, the feather headdress, the tipi and the thunderbird – characteristics or traits originally limited to certain localities – among Indians more generally. They are used especially at trading posts and at feasts, rodeos, canoe races and other celebrations attended by whites – for a price. There is also, in several sections of the United States, a so-called national Indian church, which combines certain features of Christianity with some Indian features; members eat the cactus button called peyote to induce visions. In their condition of confusion and suspense between two cultures, the withdrawal and so-called apathy of Indians is one means by which they seek to preserve their integrity and self-respect.

The white friends of Indians, however, are by no means withdrawn, and it may be fairly claimed that a part of the Indian problem in the United States is caused by the friends of the Indian. The history of Indian treatment by whites in the United States is a shameful story and all whites who take this in today have a sense of guilt and would like to do something for the Indian. But what can be done? The simplest thing to do is to give Indians something directly – food, clothing, for instance – or to make it easier for Indians to obtain services that cost money, or to set up plans for Indian development. Some of the goods and services and some of the plans thus made available for Indians serve a useful purpose, but others have demoralising effects, keeping the Indian from developing his own initiative and responsibility.

Another confusing aspect of the white man's attitude toward the Indian lies in the fact that the Indian, in his old life, looked scornfully on increase of material possessions, shared his goods with others, loved the wilderness and openly sought communion with the Great Spirit. He thus represented attitudes which for modern Americans never existed or are slipping, but which they are able to admire at a distance. They have, therefore, some vicarious satisfaction in preserving reservation life so that Indians will have the seclusion required for safeguarding their ancient ideals. A similar nostalgia can be perceived to colour the position of some anthropologists.

But what do Indians want themselves? Some have been absorbed in white society, but in the case of the majority who are not, one clue is the Indian's age. There are old Indians who live in a world in which the symbols and motives of traditional cultures are still vital. At the opposite extreme are the young. In a study I made of 800 essays by young Indians and 200 by white children of high school age, on their hopes and plans for life, the orientations of the two were remarkably similar, except that the Indians knew less about job opportunities and were significantly more insecure about their future prospects.

But 91 per cent of the Indians and 89 per cent of the whites spoke of the importance of a job, and most of the jobs mentioned by

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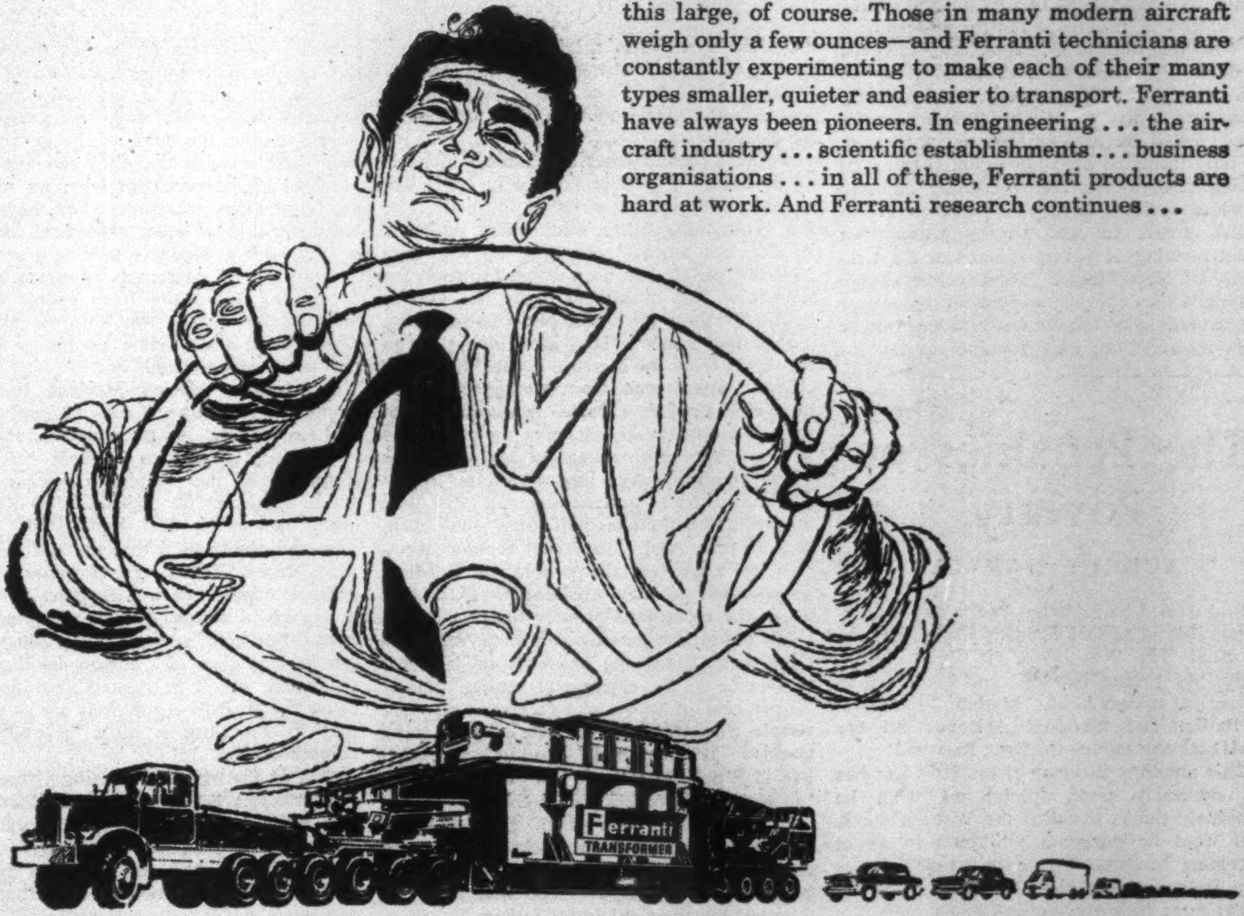

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Indians would have to be off the reservation. Also Indian and white children alike put their emphasis on material things to be owned. Not a single Indian child spoke of old Indian values, though one third of them spoke of love and concern for family and people: no white child did this.

Between the old and the young are adults whose values are deeply confused. One psychological study which has been made of them shows them a tragic people. Some of them assert old values, but without much conviction. Others are more oriented toward white society, but, except for brief periods, are too insecure to live in it. All of these Indians are more or less suspended and many have become alcoholics.

In discussions of the desires of the Indians the claim that they want to live in the old way, the Indian way, is often confused with their insecurity away from the old and familiar. The first is peculiarly Indian, the second is the need of all people for some continuing bond with the emotional sources of their origin. The key to the Indian problem may be in resolving this confusion.

The call to the meeting in Chicago, in stressing the training of Indians and the economic development of reservations, made no mention of failures when the government has tried this before. In emphasising the need of modern technological progress it spoke also, with some inconsistency, of the desire of Indians to live the old way. The opposite policy would be to give Indians more help, not only technical help but understanding, in leaving reservations and becoming adjusted to white society. As for the old values, a partial answer to that was suggested at a recent meeting of young Indians at the University of New Mexico. These values should be taught, they said, as ancient history is now taught. This way the Indian heritage can be given meaning not only for Indians but for all American children.

The Penalties of Poverty

AUDREY HARVEY

Last week I had a letter from a regular correspondent in an Old People's Home. Headed as usual 'The Workhouse', it began charmingly 'My Friend Harvey', and continued in an ancient spidery hand: 'Madam, I have won a Battle. The National Asstonce Bd has PAID me the money for Boot Repairs.'

This unhappy survivor of the 1914 war has an extremely poor opinion of what he genuinely thinks is called the Welfare Steak, and what he particularly objects to about accepting National Assistance is that it denies him freedom of choice. Money granted for boots must be spent on *new* boots, even if it only buys the pinching cardboard variety — not, without a battle, on repairing old ones in which crippled feet can gratefully rest.

Perhaps this picture of poverty in the 1960's will surprise those who have been impressed by the splendidly humane and enlightened statements issued from time to time by the NAB, or have heard its praises perennially sung by mixed choirs of MPs. Certainly we have a system of poor relief which is run on far more civilised lines than those of many other countries — the United States, for instance, where the names of the recipients are published as a deterrent. Yet there are all sorts of valid reasons why our own people continue to resist for as long as possible what is necessarily becoming a pressing invitation to come to the Board's meagre arms. And it would be a mistake to suppose that this aversion springs exclusively from remembrance of bad times past, or that the disguising of poor relief in fancy names will make it smell less sour.

One of the chief objections is tacitly acknowledged by the Board in allowing assisted people to draw their money at post offices other than those nearest their homes: this objection is to the stigma of poverty itself; and it is all the more painfully felt in a cash-flash society. Another very common objection is based purely on principle. I have for years tried to persuade people grappling with poverty, young as well as old, that the dispensing of public funds under a means-test is somehow not a charity. They have remained, however, wonderfully unimpressed. For they know they have to ask for assistance, whereas they can claim their pensions or benefits.

Indeed, so great is their preference for the insurance system, which carries with it social equality, that I have often been tempted to suggest that they have contributed to assistance funds through their weekly stamps: and if this were true in fact, I believe it would go some way towards altering the attitudes both of the reluctant public and of the less gracious (and also the more sanctimonious) officers of the Board.

We need to find other emollients – these is no panacea – if people are not to suffer unnecessarily from the smart of indignity. For this is anything but a diminishing problem. At the last annual reckoning no less than 2,346,000 people had been obliged to apply for assistance. This monstrous figure was greater by 270,000 than that of the previous year; and it is bound, under a Tory government, to go up. Apart from the increase in Health Service charges, apart even from the government's miserable pension scheme, the decontrol of rents is automatically stepping up poverty to an alarming and unrecognised degree. I know many families, with new tenancies in the scruffiest districts, obliged to spend more than a third, and sometimes half, their small earnings on rent. And it may well become necessary to assist certain people in full-time employment if they are not to exist well below the recognised poverty line.

We are in fact moving at a terrifying speed clean away from the concepts of National Assistance as an emergency service. Nearly 70 per cent of those who receive it now are people who would have been able to stand unaided if National Insurance benefits had kept pace with living costs – those unfortunates who have lost their jobs, their health, their husbands or their youth. Then there are those people for whom insurance does not cater: the so-called non-contributory old-age pensioners and mothers separated from, or deserted by, their children's fathers.

If these facts were better publicised our insurance rejects would not suffer, as they do now, from a kind of segregation. But so efficient is the counter-propaganda of the arrived millennium that at the mention of people on National Assistance, normally sympathetic eyes glaze with scepticism; and what they seem to see is not anyone at all familiar – not, for instance, that nice milkman who developed cancer, or that dear old thing who did so splendidly for the So-and-So's for 20 years – but, as often as not, the much more newsworthy image of the scoundrel who refuses to support his disgracefully big family and prefers to loll about on the taxpayers' money. That this false and damaging image is allowed to persist is, however, the fault of the Board with its sealed-lips policy. Only in its annual reports, hardly best sellers, does it firmly point out that such cases form a negligible minority – less than 100 a year – and that, anyway, machinery exists to deal with them.

In practice the Board tends to regard male applicants who look able-bodied, and are not nicely dressed and spoken, as potential layabouts. Reports of insulting behaviour at the counter constantly enrage me. One man whose spinal injury was not obvious because of a plaster jacket, was told he had no business to apply because he had six children and, therefore, five family allowances coming in; and when encouraged to persist was at first fobbed off with much less than the statutory allowance.

Behaviour of this kind, whether due to overwork, resentment at being drafted into an uncongenial service or zeal for conserving public funds, hardly induces a belief that assistance is claimable as of right. It also powerfully deters all timid and sensitive people who, while waiting their turn, may witness rows, blows and the arrival of the police. And even if much more generous publicity were given to the fact that application can be made by post, this would not fill the bill. For one thing, assistance is usually needed without delay; and, for another, many people dislike the idea of being visited at home and imagine that they can avoid it by personal application. But why, we may ask, are home visits necessary, when they are not so in the case of other applicants for public money, such as students needing grants? And why are signed statements of means accepted by the tax authorities from people who are working, but not by the National Assistance Board from those same people as soon as they are incapacitated?

Obliged to produce savings books for inspection, questioned about family affairs and, too often, about unfitness for work – even after showing a medical certificate – lectured on the fearful consequences of fraud, applicants for assistance too often have every reason to feel humiliated. Another powerful objection is that the system induces petty deceit. Which grandmother is really going to report that her daughter is regularly giving her a couple of bob for minding the baby? But here is yet another difficulty. No one has any clear idea of how small additions to income would be treated if disclosed, because the Board's regulations are so complex that its literature is quite beyond normal comprehension.

One of the most outstanding virtues of the system is the Board's power of discretion to pay a few extra shillings for special needs. But as it can also use this power to pay less than the basic rates and less than the actual rent, not even the most intelligent applicant can work out in advance with any certainty what he will get. No wonder, then, that applicants feel that they are dependent on the generosity of the officers, or that they often recall with bitter tears the black-letter day when they so demeaned themselves.

Some of these objections, and there are many more, suggest their own remedies. But a system, however tactfully administered, which obliges a man to plead and prove poverty can never be acceptable. What the government is doing in extending it is saving money at the expense of human dignity; and it is most conveniently forgetting that the poor have little else to lose.

NEW ZEALAND ON NEW TRACKS

A FIRST-CLASS RAIL SYSTEM is vital to New Zealand's new industrial planning. Here are two English Electric diesel-electric locomotives hauling the "Limited" Express near Dunedin.

How more power will add to national wealth

NEW ZEALAND enjoys one of the highest standards of living in the world. She owes this largely to her rich farmlands and a century of good husbandry. Now she is busy diversifying her economy and modernising her transport system. The trend to a more industrial national outlook (which will attract many new immigrants) includes the setting up of heavy industries like steel, aluminium and oil-refining, providing rock-solid foundations for even greater prosperity.

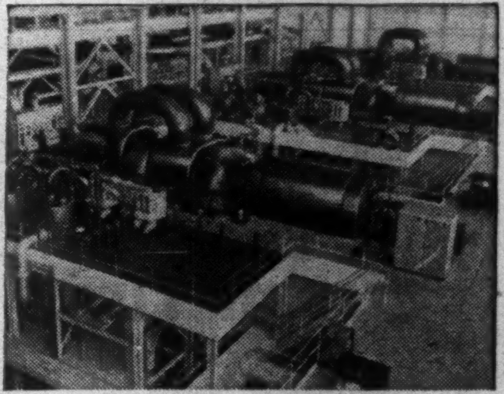
These new industries could not exist without a plentiful supply of *electric power*. At present the dominion's generating capacity is just keeping pace with demand, which is still mainly domestic. Fortunately there is a big hydro-electric potential which she is developing at speed, and with these natural resources harnessed to new, vital industries, New Zealand need have no doubts about the future.

ENGLISH ELECTRIC IN NEW ZEALAND

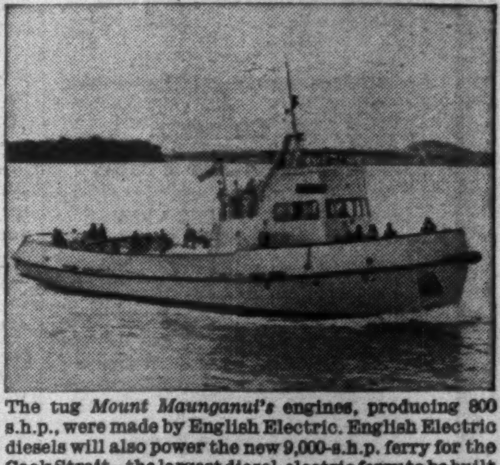
The English Electric Company has been supplying generating plant to New Zealand since 1918. Many of her hydro-electric power stations have English Electric water turbines and alternators, and the new Meremere steam power station, too, contains English Electric plant.

For New Zealand's railways, English Electric has been building electric locomotives and trains since 1921, and over 150 have been supplied. The company has also supplied most of the diesel-electric units operating in New Zealand. Other English Electric products in the dominion range from control gear and motors in paper-mills, cement works, and fertiliser factories, to diesel-electric engines for the biggest tug yet built in New Zealand. Orders now being carried out include similar plant for important ferries to link the Islands, electrical equipment for the first big steel and aluminium mills, and even more hydro-electric plant for New Zealand's expanding electric supply system.

And so the fruitful relationship grows. New Zealand can depend on the store of technical knowledge, skill and research which lies behind every contract with English Electric, while English Electric gains in New Zealand further valuable experience, which it can use in other countries and at home.



Both steam and hydro generating plant has been supplied by English Electric. These three 30,000-kW steam turbine generating sets were built for the recently completed Meremere power station.



The tug *Mount Maunganui's* engines, producing 800 s.h.p., were made by English Electric. English Electric diesels will also power the new 9,000-s.h.p. ferry for the Cook Strait—the largest diesel-electric ferry to be built in the UK—and the 926-s.h.p. ferry to Stewart Island.

POWER FOR PEACE

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED, ENGLISH ELECTRIC HOUSE, STRAND, LONDON W.C.2

At the Frontier

ANTHONY CARSON

Gradually Vence lent life to our eyes; and there was a new, slight charge in our nerves. Since we were poor, there was a certain amount of civilised rebuff, certain attitudes which might be taken this way or that. The French, particularly the French of this part of the coast, not only dislike poverty among men over a certain age, they cannot understand it. They are very hard on any sort of defeat, cruel to the unorganised, terrible to unprotected old age.

So I was a writer, and Madame was an artist. Very fine. The Riviera was full of ladies and gentlemen sliding down the backside of the arts. Even if one was good, or too good, or not able to ring the right contemporary combination to bring the francs tumbling out, there were always ways out. Some in Vence, painters in their own right like Monsieur Y, did ceramics which they sold to the tourists; others like Monsieur G wrote spanking adventure stories, done to a turn with pinches of sadism and genial Gallic freebootery, which were made into films. Nobody in Vence was taken in; but Monsieur Y and Monsieur G had steak twice a day, chose the best wines and entertained their friends. Their coins rang and they weren't at the mercy of their accountants.

In Vence you drink wine slowly, without the *coitus interruptus* of the English licensing laws, and listen to gossip. You stroll; time slows down; you stand and stare at the street corner, in the grey, rainy square, and the buildings compose themselves to a gradual satisfaction of the spirit. The people then merge into these still, weathered shapes – the women at their doors of their magic groceries, which are crammed with flowers, sausages, milk, wine, soap, tins of sardines and postcards; the card-players shouting at the table, jersey'd like macaws, surrounded by old men recalling epics and disasters; a popinjay policeman twirling his cape, the village madman, the randy drunk.

As topical as tomorrow's news — a prison book written from the 'inside'

TIME OUT OF LIFE

PETER BAKER

"Nobody (in our prisons at any rate) has done anything like this before . . . It is without prison pallor – irresistibly cheerful, unselfpitying, compassionate, and **frequently brilliant in its snapshots of people.**" LEONARD RUSSELL, *Sunday Times.* 21/-

A Clean Well-Lighted Place

KATHLEEN NOTT'S VIEW OF SWEDEN

"**A new, interesting and often subtle** instalment in the attack by British left-wing artists and intelligentsia upon the anti-individualistic elements in the Welfare State . . . **should be indispensable reading** for 'liberal-minded people'." ANGUS WILSON, *Observer.* 18/-

HEINEMANN

Suddenly it was All Saints' Day. Normally neither Mart nor I would ever have thought about it. Certainly Mart had returned early from the market and noticed the streets full of people, a certain excitement in the air; the bells rang louder. We went out to our landlord's bar and drank *pastis.* I began to read the *Patriote*. There was the usual attack on de Gaulle and about 15 murders. A drunken taxi-driver had murdered his whole family with a pick-axe. Radio-active material might still be thrown in the Mediterranean between St Raphael and Corsica.

'Aren't you going to the cemetery?' cried the landlord's wife. 'It's All Saints' Day'.

We aren't Catholics, and I mentioned it. She was a shrewd, hard, bitterly integrated person, but she knew the deep facts.

'It's got nothing to do with the Catholics,' she said. 'It's the same for the Protestants or for anybody at all whatever their shape or colour. Don't ask me when it started. We've been visiting the cemetery on this day since the time of Julius Caesar.'

You go down the main street and turn right before the Bar of the Acacias, go a short way down a yellow road and it is hidden away at the end of a narrow turning. There is an archway and plenty of those eternal supervisors of the southern underworld, cypresses in uniforms of deep sea green. It was raining when we entered, but that couldn't dim the enormous, triumphant applause of the flowers. They crowded around the graves, straining their brilliant coloured faces from cut-glass bowls, from pots, from the earth itself. Their perfume spiralled in the damp private air, whispering of anything but death, of love on a summer morning.

Flowers in the South are flowers of both life and death; they are carried back and forth between ghost and giver. The frontier here is so thin that it hardly exists. For this reason pilgrims in the cemetery didn't possess that devoted mask one is so accustomed to beside northern graves. Their faces were easy; they stood secure in their magic family circles.

I felt both uplifted and ashamed in this stone garden, and so did Mart. Neither of us had any feelings about relatives that weren't critical or even hostile. In fact no hand was stretched out. Extreme mother-love in England (to take an example) is generally entertained only by certain types of people with unfortunate results of one kind or another; but here, in these more logical lands, this emotional twist doesn't occur. To belong to a family, dead and alive, future, present and past, to stand with flowers before the stone bed which will some day enclose you and your children, is the sort of sanity which has preserved the Mediterranean lands and which relegates all industry and ambition to its proper and exact place. Mart and myself, and those like us, were chasing sanity.

At certain points, going from grave to grave, one was at the exact meeting point of weeping and laughter, one was involved. The graves were mostly solid, obeying a pattern, huge stone boxes, plain or ornamental with glazed pansies or roses, or surmounted by white plaster figures; and this white, formal tension was resolved by the background of cypresses, dark and complete in passion and philosophy. A very old woman hovered about the paths. She might have been over 100, but she walked quite briskly with the aid of a stick, as if she was searching for someone.

Perhaps many tombs claimed her, a daughter there, a grandson here, an aunt in one corner, two cousins in another. Perhaps she just wanted the good stone bed, the cosiness of the shades, and the annual tribute of roses, cyclamen and gladioli to gossip about with the ghosts. Near as she was to the frontier, almost merging, she suddenly stopped still in her tracks and stared. She was staring at us with a sharp, unwatery eye. She knew we didn't belong here; that we brought no flowers, no news; that we had no white stone door to touch on.

The sun came out. There was a movement of flowers and the sudden hot perfume ran up and down the paths; the tombs shone like chalk, the old woman tapped her way to another part of the cemetery. Then, in front of one of the graves which was blazing with flowers, we saw Pierre, our landlord. He was standing in perplexity, still as a stone, all youth and age shown naked in his face, like a man on the point of answering an old riddle. He saw us; we saw that he saw us; but there was no signal of recognition.

Next day we went to have our usual morning drink in the square outside Pierre's bar. As he came over to serve us, the bones in his face were contoured by sunlight, and he sang of an old sickness like a cracked bell. 'It was my brother,' he said, with no preamble. 'He was blown up by a mine when he was 23. He was a mathematician. Now, at this day, he would be 65 and the greatest mathematician in France.' He put down the glasses.

'I live,' he said.

Correspondence

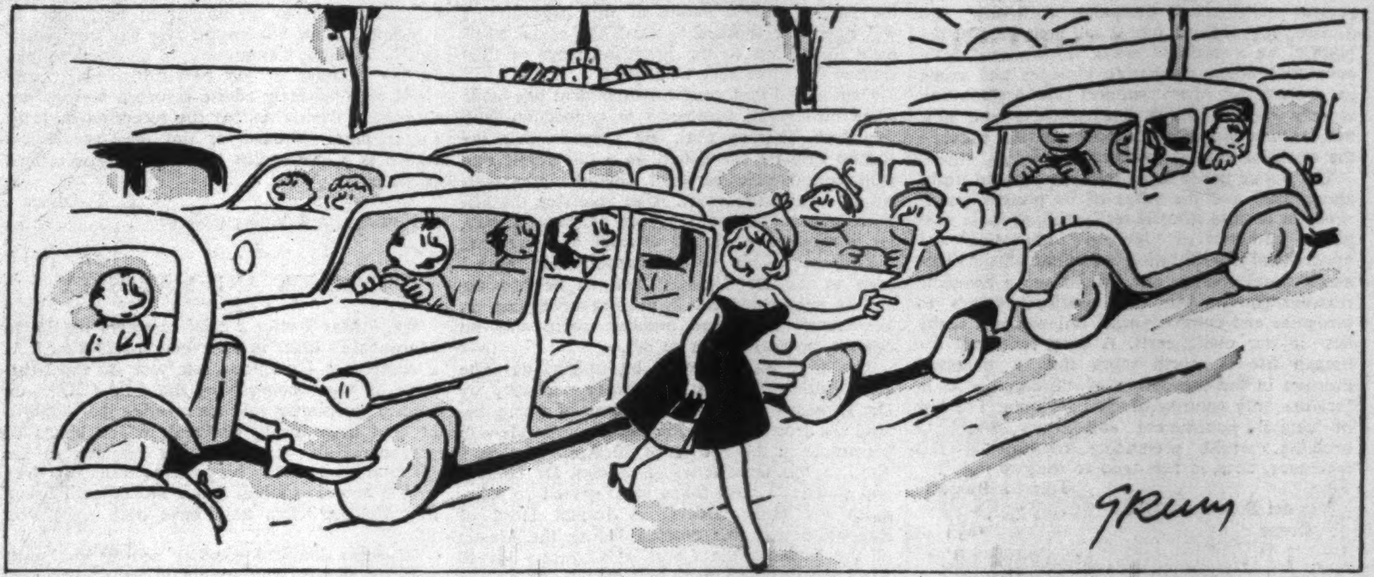
SOCIETY OF VIOLENCE

Sir, – It is with revulsion and dismay that I notice positive signs of moral disintegration and spiritual idealism in Britain. I refer to the current hysterical outcry to reintroduce the medieval brutality of flogging, to extend the death penalty to other crimes, as well as parliament's refusal to raise the age of execution to 21.

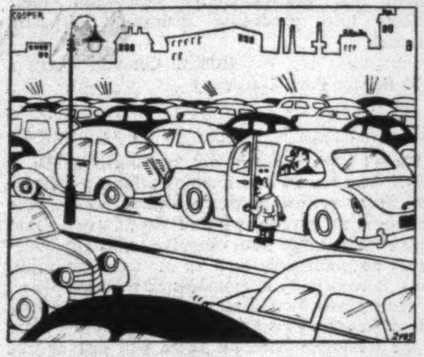
There is horror and shock in Italy at the recent disclosures in the British Press about this morbid aspect of British public opinion. The death penalty has long since been abolished over here in spite of the existence of outbursts of criminal violence and murder. The Italian people have the good sense and humanity to realise that violence and murder is the product of society itself.

The members of the pompous and absurd 'Anti-Violence League' just formed in Britain (its very name is a contradiction), would do well to read an authentic account of the actual state of the public conscience towards its own children, before proceeding further in its nation-wide crusade for 'anti-violent' violence. Such an account can be read in the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children book, *This Is Your Child*, which was reviewed in the *NS* of 16 June. The statistics of the NSPCC clearly show that seven per cent of British children are so badly neglected or abused in their childhood that the social authorities have been forced to intervene. The full report makes truly horrifying reading. This is surely enough to unmask the hypocrisy of a public which professes to be disturbed about an 'increase' in criminal violence!

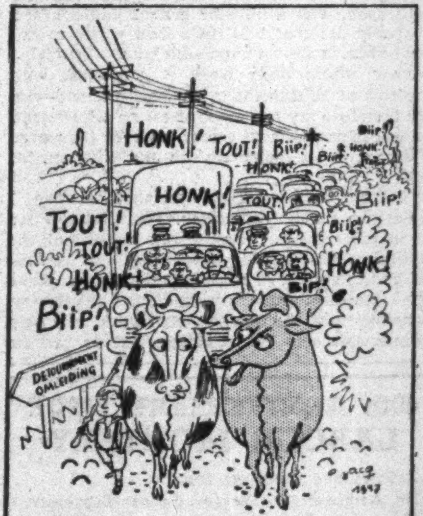
According to a recent opinion poll, 70 per cent of the men, 76 per cent of the women in England urge the flogging of young criminal offenders. I suggest that the members of the



'I will go ahead and do lunch; it will all be ready when you get home' (LE HERISSON, PARIS)



'You had better run home and tell Mummy that I shall be home in about an hour's time!'
(NEUE BERNER ZEITUNG, SWITZERLAND)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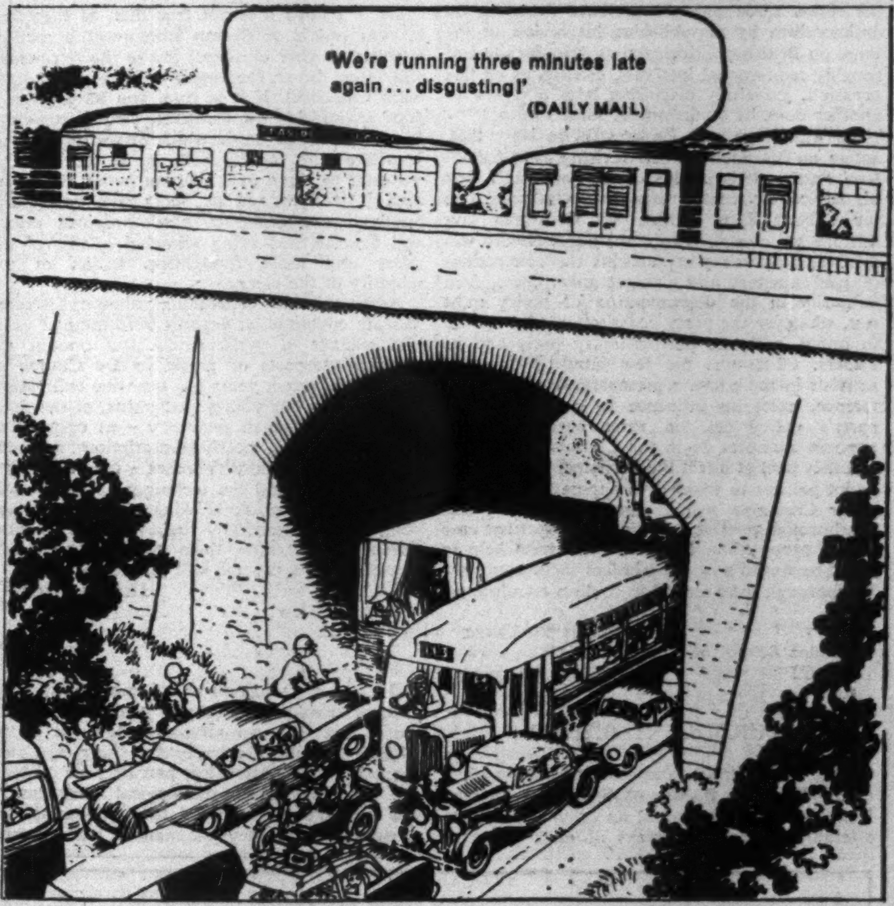
DETOURNEMENT
OMLEIDING

'The last time I started something like this, in 1937, they were much more patient!'
(ROUTES ET CIRCULATIONS, BELGIUM)


'We're running three minutes late again . . . disgusting!'
(DAILY MAIL)

go by train and don't give a hoot

Anti-Violence League should suspend their present misdirected campaign forthwith, and declare their support, moral and financial, for the NSPCC on a national scale. If they are really concerned about combating violence and crime in society, let them support an organisation already existing which knows where and how murder and violence are born – in the family – the essential unit of society.

The public needs to be told some home truths about itself and the value of its pretensions. It needs to be told what is really behind these misplaced outbursts of 'righteous indignation' and hypocritical manifestations of public affront. This needs moral courage and insight and a complete reassessment of our own spiritual values to recognise and combat social evil where it really lies – in our own hearts. A deep reverence for human life is worth more than a thousand excesses in the prevention of murder; and is in fact the only security of civilised man. The law of capital punishment and every resort to brutality, whilst pretending to support this reverence, does in fact tend to destroy it.

THOMAS BYRNE

Via del Boccaccio 5/9,
Rome

POWER IN THE LABOUR PARTY

SIR, – It was especially pleasing to me that Richard Crossman should choose to break the silence which seemed to have fallen on him since the recent trade union conference decisions on unilateralism by re-publishing his review of my book on British political parties. (He does this at roughly semi-annual intervals, usually, as on this occasion, gracefully disguising it as a review of another book or books on the same subject.)

He will, I am sure, be grateful to learn that, acting on his advice, I am revising *British Political Parties*. It is in this connection that I seek his advice. My central argument with respect to the Labour Party (which Mr Crossman says 'history has conspired to make nonsense of') was this: because the party accepts the conventions of parliamentary and Cabinet government, final authority in the determination of policy must rest, whatever the party constitution may appear to imply, with the parliamentary party and its leaders. Of course the few hundred thousand activists in the party, represented at annual conference, exert an influence in determining the party's policy (as, on rarer occasions, their opposite numbers do in the Conservative Party). But they cannot direct the Parliamentary Party to adopt policies to which it is opposed.

Mr Crossman would agree, I am sure, that Scarborough provided an almost perfect test case of my proposition. It would be a great help to me if he would now say whether the events since Scarborough have tended to confirm or refute my thesis.

ROBERT MCKENZIE

London School of Economics
WC2

TURBULENT BISHOP

SIR, – It was truly an astonishing picture which emerged of the Bishop of Southwark in your latest issue – something of an oriental potentate, alternating between displays of open pageantry and wanderings in clandestine mufti. As I noted the Anglo-Catholic nature of this pageantry, I was especially shocked to recall the brutal treatment meted out to the priest-in-charge of Carshalton for these very tendencies.

I am afraid that your correspondent has made some misleading statements in connection with the Bryn Thomas trial. He suggests that the Bishop brought the action as a last resort and with considerable personal anguish. The facts would suggest otherwise. After receiving the historic letter of accusation sent by Mrs Brandy, Dr Stockwood made no attempt to investigate the charges in his pastoral capacity. He refused even to see Dr Thomas; and as he has the almost unique clerical distinction of having an ex-directory telephone number, there was no contact between them at all.

The trial was followed by unfrocking. The article states that this was made necessary by Dr Thomas's published intention of going behind the Iron Curtain. Presumably this refers to his article in the *People* of 30 April. But on 9 April in this same series of articles, Dr Thomas had stated: 'I have taken steps myself to relinquish my Holy Orders'. A formal Deed of Relinquishment was entered before the Master of the Rolls in the Court of Chancery on 10 April. Readers will recall that the unfrocking was staged on 4 May.

D. H. TRIBE

5a Eversley Road, SE19

SIR, – I hope it is not true that, as suggested in your profile of Bishop Stockwood, a roar of laughter at some episcopal jest in the retro-choir will often drown the organ voluntary at Southwark Cathedral. If it is true, you have given a good example of the damnable clerical contempt for decent organ music which drives those of us who like it to secular halls, or to the radio, if we want to listen to it without being distracted. And if it happened at Southwark on Trinity Sunday, your group of newly-ordained priests and deacons was being schooled in one of the ruder and more thoughtless habits of the majority of the clergy.

Admittedly the 'concluding voluntary' is often beneath contempt, as regards both musical value and manner of performance. But one of the pleasanter aspects of music in the Church of England in recent years has been the cultivation, especially by our younger organists, of the finest works of the organ repertory – as opposed to the mass of tripe, mostly transcriptions, still only too popular in many churches – coupled with a sense of style and the technique to perform it. But when such music is being played clergy and congregations generally behave in a manner which would cause them to be immediately ejected from a concert hall or theatre.

HERBERT BYARD

Stanton Drew
Bristol

SIR, – I am reluctant to subtract even a small amount from the praise you pour on Dr Stockwood. But it is no service to him, or to the Church he serves, to imply that things are other than they really are. Thus part of your evidence for Dr Stockwood's 'theological liberalism' is the fact that he 'admitted to Communion' two persons, 'though they had married after divorce'.

The use of the word 'admitted' is unfortunate because neither as an incumbent nor, later, as a bishop has Dr Stockwood ever had any power legally to refuse Communion to divorced people. In the exercise of his pastoral ministry, any cleric may privately advise divorced persons not to present themselves for the reception of Holy Communion. Whether or not they accept the advice is a matter for *their own* conscientious decision.

O. T. OWEN

Nottingham Training College

EYSENCK AND MAUDSLEY

SIR, – May I offer a brief comment on Edwin Macdonald's letter in your issue of 23 June? At a conference I attended last year on the treatment of psychoneurosis by the drug LSD25, an elderly psychiatrist told the meeting that hitherto he had been firmly opposed to the tenets of psychoanalysis, but that since listening to the material produced by his patients under this drug he felt bound to admit that it looked as if Freud and Melanie Klein must have been right after all.

It seems doubtful whether people who write with the passion and venom of your correspondent would be open to such a change of mind, but there is no doubt that the use of LSD25 on unanalysed and psychoanalytically uninformed patients offers a complete answer to the stupid canard that psychoanalysts 'brainwash' their patients into producing fictitious 'Freudian' material.

ROBERT GEORGE MILES

70 Belsize Park Gardens
NW3

SIR, – I hope you will not be bullied by Dr J. Edwin Macdonald into banning all but psychologists from reviewing psychological books. The trouble with psychology and psychiatry is that unlike metallurgy they involve constant judgments on society as well as on technical problems. If somebody is maladjusted to some aspect of society which civilised people regard as wrong one makes things worse by trying to adjust him: if the treatment succeeds there will just be one more willing accomplice in wrongdoing. Therefore we need people to check what it is that the specialists are trying to adjust their patients to; if not, the value judgments on the environment will all be left to the specialists, who are no more expert in this sphere than the rest of us. I would rather trust a reviewer like Maurice Richardson, with a humane general outlook and an openly declared bias (in a field where avoidance of bias is almost impossible) than a specialist reviewer whose daily work is concerned with problems of adjustment to environment and who may therefore lay too much stress on adjustment, and whose professional career might be hampered by strong value-judgments on the environment itself.

I am not decrying these specialists. Perhaps I expect too much from them. We all know we are in great danger because our control of the physical world has far outstripped our control and understanding of ourselves. Some of us have high hopes that psychology, psychiatry, neurology and the related techniques will help towards this self-understanding. But so far the

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body of relevant fact generally accepted by the specialists seems disappointingly small, and sometimes they give the impression that they do not agree about anything at all. That the experts *need* not be so silly is shown by the balanced and charitable letter from 'Maudsley Physician' you published last week.

David Dulley

35 Cholmeley Crescent, N6.

THE GREAT UNREAD

Sir, – As an American temporarily resident in England, I read with interest the adverse comments by Francis Williams on the *New York Times* in your issue of 23 June.

One of the things Mr Williams objects to about the *Times* is its length. To read the *Times* completely, he points out, one would have to abandon every other activity in life.

The point is, the *Times* is not intended to be read from cover to cover. It is, as I once heard its former publisher describe it, a newspaper of record. It contains detailed reports from all over the world, and if you are interested in, say, the UN Trusteeship Council or politics in Indonesia you can count on getting continuing, immediate and comprehensive coverage in the *Times* and nowhere else. If you're not interested in these things, you can skip the article or read the first few paragraphs or pick up the item in the 'News of the Week in Review' in the Sunday edition of the *Times*. The Review, incidently, which Mr Williams does not mention, is certainly the best weekly, factual roundup of news in the English language.

Mr Williams does not mention that the *Times* prints the texts of important documents, court decisions, diplomatic papers and speeches. Many of these are unobtainable elsewhere. This is an invaluable service in itself.

Mr Williams speaks approvingly of a 'midget' edition of the *Times*, which on one occasion truncated the news so that one could read through the paper quickly and get the highlights. But why add another newspaper of that kind? By all means read that kind of newspaper, too, but let the *Times* fulfil its unique and important role. You can't have it both ways in one newspaper.

Mr Williams regrets that the *Times* is not written with 'words that stir the mind and glow in the memory'. What does he expect? You can't cover news in the kind of detail the *Times* does every day and expect to have deathless prose, too. Comprehensiveness, accuracy and factual, straightforward writing seem quite enough to expect for your five cents.

If you want to find a weakness in the *Times* – and Mr Williams does not touch on this – it is, in my opinion, in its editorial columns. *Times* editorials too often are weak, pedantic or trivial. It is in the dissemination of opinion rather than in the coverage of news that American journalists have something to learn from their British counterparts.

Malcolm Shaw

16 Pagoda Avenue
Richmond, Surrey

A MURDER ARRANGED

Sir, – The dangers to education in London are referred to by Margaret Cole in your issue of 23 June. But it is not only in London that such dangers exist.

The Local Government Boundary Commissioners dealing with the rest of England are showing only too clearly that they are falling into the grave error of viewing education as just one among a number of local services, just one local factor to be borne in mind. They are not seeing it for what it really is, the most important by far of all our services, the base for our future national prosperity, its strength an essential national need.

Instead almost every proposal so far made weakens the structure of education. Strong education authorities such as Warwickshire and Staffordshire are to be mutilated. Weak little units such as the City of Cambridge and Solihull are to become education authorities. Almost the whole of the West Midlands Special Review area, except for Birmingham (the only really strong education authority to remain untouched), is to be divided among a number of weak education authorities, almost all of them being under 200,000 in population.

Is it too late to hope that the commissioners (or, if not the commissioners, parliament) will realize that anything which has the general effect of weakening education weakens, not only local government, but the nation?

Educationist

DOTHEBOYS MEALS

Sir, – In his reply to Public Schoolmaster, Prep School Headmaster conveniently ignores two points which seriously weaken his case. In the first place, since at most Prep schools masters eat with the boys, meals are in fact a duty, involving the supervision of behaviour and manners. In state schools, they are recognised as such and no charge is made for them. In the second place, a man is offered accommodation in a boarding school not because of the large-souled generosity of the headmaster, but because he is required to be on the spot for numerous residential duties, for which he generally gets no recompense at all. It is neither here nor there to say that a master worth his salt should enjoy his residential duties, unless one accepts the principle that what a person enjoys doing he should on no account be paid for. One hopes that a number of doctors, lawyers, and clergy (also worth their salt) enjoy their work, but few would suggest that for that reason they should receive little or no remuneration for it.

The question of holidays, I suggest, is a complete red herring. These are often as long in Preparatory and Public day schools, where there are no residential duties and weekends are free. In contrast to this, it is much more difficult to get permission to leave a residential school for a weekend than to obtain 36 hours' leave in the Army.

It is time that the whole question of catering in boarding schools were brought into the light of day. It is in the interests of neither boys, parents, nor staff that things should go on as they are.

Nondescript Assistant

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S TABLE

Sir, – The statement of your columnist 'Charon' that, at a dinner party in my house, I said President Kennedy was no good, not even the man his father was, is false.

It must have been made up by your columnist or another.

It certainly was not told to him by any guest at my dinner table.

Beaverbrook

Cherkley
Surrey

CHARON writes: I am sorry if I have attributed to Lord Beaverbrook words which were not his. The source of my account is in fact one who was recently at his table and whose accuracy I had not doubted. I notice that Lord Beaverbrook, who slightly misquotes the words which he did not speak, does not deny having described a British decision to join the Common Market as 'an economic Munich which would be surely followed by an economic Dunkirk'.

GOD'S BEST BERRY

Sir, – Surely Edward Hyams had Izaak Walton, not Dr Johnson, in mind. The passage is in the *Compleat Angler*: 'Indeed, my good Scholar, we may say of Angling, as Dr Botcher said of strawberries; "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did".'

Christopher Chamberlain

Lancing College

Where women are women

I suppose we all try to imagine what our favourite writers are like. The other week The Observer gave us a postage-stamp size portrait of Miss Katharine Whitehorn. The photographer was poised slightly above her head. It looked like a well-groomed chrysanthemum, though I can't see any resemblance between that rather farouche flower and the clear-headed, intensely practical wit that flows weekly from Miss Whitehorn's pen as Fashion Editor. If I were a buyer in a big store I daresay I'd be terrified of her criticism—if I weren't busying myself with taking her advice and rushing off to put it into action.

An example of the cool Whitehorn technique came recently when she put the ordinary clear-headed women's point of view about the mad rush every season to 'promote' a fashion colour. "What she is interested in promoting, after all, is herself." Razzle-dazzle wilts before this steely glint of truth.

. . . and men are glad of it

The whole of the women's section of The Observer is rather out-of-the-ordinary, though. Probably more men read it than any other women's pages, for a start. And where else would you find a series blatantly called "Miserable Married Women"? Or a quiet little article called "Teens and Sex" to which many other papers would have given the full ballyhoo. Anyone accustomed to burrowing into snug, smug women's sections is likely to be shaken into doing a bit of *thinking*.

I can imagine one of those old-fashioned advertisements, headed, "I used to suffer from Sunday Morning Torpor—then I discovered The Observer . . .". It's not only the wit and the good writing and the stimulus—there's a special sort of *humanity* that has something to do with it. It shows in the photographs The Observer publishes. They make most other news photographs look as though models were used.

And then when I think of Jennings, and Feiffer, and Haro, and Whitehorn, and Gardner, I realise that there are more things in The Observer to make me laugh, and think, than practically anywhere else I can recall. Roll on Sunday! J.B.L.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Fine Old Eye

DONALD DAVIE

In the detention camp at Pisa in 1945, Ezra Pound reproached himself: 'How mean thy hates . .'; and, 'Pull down thy vanity'. And then, still calling himself to account:

> But to have done instead of not doing
> this is not vanity
> To have, with decency, knocked
> That a Blunt should open
> To have gathered from the air a live tradition
> or from a fine old eye the unconquered flame
> This is not vanity.
> Here error is all in the not done,
> all in the diffidence that faltered.

Which of the many things that Blunt had done moved Pound to such admiration that, a quarter-century after his death, the great old poet should invoke Blunt's name, rather than another's, to stand for whatever Pound had done to redeem his life? I have wondered more than once. But this is the wrong way to go about it. Pound's 'knocking' and Blunt's 'opening' are not meant allegorically. As so often with Pound, the meaning is literal and the reference specific. What Pound had in mind, I now think, was a specific occasion, one that is recorded in a photograph in the Earl of Lytton's memoir of his grandfather*.

Here Blunt, expansively white-bearded, stands between a youthful-looking and supercilious Yeats on the one side, and Pound on the other. Supporting Yeats are Sturge Moore and Victor Plarr, who was to be the 'Monsieur Verog' of Pound's *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley;* beside Pound stand Richard Aldington and F. S. Flint. The photograph goes unexplained and indeed unremarked in the Earl of Lytton's narrative. There is an account of the occasion in Charles Norman's biography of Pound and also in Miss Finch's 20-year-old life of Blunt. Yeats, Pound and Frederic Manning had arranged to give a dinner in Blunt's honour, but in the event it was Yeats and Pound, with what other poets they could muster (Masefield had been meant to come but didn't and Bridges had declined from the start because of Blunt's politics), who were Blunt's guests at Newbuildings in Sussex, where they dined off a roast peacock and Pound read a verse-address, to go with a marble box sculpted by Gaudier-Brzeska in which each of the poets had placed a manuscript. Yeats wrote a brief report for *The Times* and, according to Charles Norman, 'there was general indignation, particularly in Conservative circles'.

Is it worth remembering now? I think it is. Blunt at this time (it was 18 January 1914) was a 74-year-old, voluminous but indifferent poet, a breeder of Arab horses, an indefatigable political busybody, then as for 30 years before, in the interests chiefly of Egyptian and Irish nationalism. What was it that Yeats and Pound saw in him (I take it their testimonies carry weight), to make them contrive their attractively artificial act of homage? Is it anything more than can be summed up under the convenient labels of 'Tory Romantic' or 'Victorian eccentric'?

The first label won't stick, that's certain. In Blunt's lifetime 'Tory Romantic', whether in the persons of Henley (whom Blunt disliked), or Cecil Rhodes (whom he abominated), or George Wyndham (whom he loved), could not mean anything but 'imperialist'. And Blunt's enemy, whom he pursued with unremitting and resourceful fury for 40 years, was the English Jingo. Egypt in the first place, Ireland in the second, were the causes he principally served, but not because he had 'fallen in love' with Egypt, or was sentimental about the blarney. He never lost sight of the world-wide scandal of which Egypt under Cromer and Ireland under the Union were only particular instances. If the imperialists chose to argue on a level of lofty abstraction, Blunt, himself a materialist though a lapsed and sometimes wistful Catholic, had his answers to the applied Darwinism which passed for the imperialist philosophy; if they came down to cases, he had made it his business to dig out the secret history of personalities behind every shabby deal. And yet he was not one of those mirror-image patriots for whom their own nation is always peculiarly in the wrong. At a pinch he would concede that the British in the Sudan or the Transvaal, while as rapacious as the Belgians in the Congo, the Italians in Tripoli, the French in Tunis and Morocco, the Russians in Manchuria, were likely to be marginally less inhumane.

We cannot call Blunt an eccentric unless we can be sure that the exploitation of other races by the European nations, which he saw as the central and defining feature of his times, was not that. And most people would take this stand only to the extent of wondering, six years after the squalid Suez adventure and at the moment of war in Angola, if the same rapacity isn't as much a feature of our times as of his. Perhaps, though, his way of seeing the phenomenon, and of dealing with it, is somehow 'dated'? This is what one might mean by calling him 'Victorian'. But I don't think that this will stick either. The Earl of Lytton says, 'he is certainly a Victorian', and in the sense that he lived his first 60 years under Victoria, of course this is true. But his cast of mind and temperament, the values he held to and by which he lived – these are not what we think of as Victorian at all.

He was, for instance, an enthusiastic amorist, and the Earl of Lytton, stepping with genuine delicacy through the story of his daughter's vendetta against him (a painful and tortuous story), presents him as a would-be seducer of his daughter's girlfriend. But the effect of this is not at all the stripping of a whited sepulchre, the exposure of a Victorian hypocrite. The letters which the Earl of Lytton prints, addressed to the lady in question, show the accomplished amorist moving warily through the ambiguous territory between an avuncular tone and an erotic one, but there is no trace of the incestuous excitement we are familiar with from Victorian raptures about the child-wife or the child-sweetheart. Probably the best comment on the liaison is an entry in Blunt's diary for 1892, concerning the Countess Hoyos:

> Her daughter, just married to Herbert Bismarck, she tells me, is supremely happy, having tamed her Bismarck to a point which would not have been believed. He had been a great *coureur de femmes*, women mostly of the baser sort, and she has touched him to an ideal love. He is forty-three, she twenty, a beautiful romance.

The quite unironical observation arranges Victorian ideas ('an ideal love') into an unVictorian pattern.

One can say baldly that what we think of as Victorian is necessarily bourgeois, whereas Blunt was all through an aristocrat. And so, if his attitudes *do* 'date', for instance his assumption that national honour is a reality which sets limits to diplomacy, they place him not with Gladstone or Disraeli, but further back, perhaps with Byron. The Earl of Lytton is surely right to think that Blunt's services to freedom in Egypt and India and Ireland should have earned him at least as much fame as Byron's devotion to Greece. An even juster comparison, perhaps, is with Shelley, if only because the Sussex estates of the Blunts marched with the Shelleys', and because both families were of that squirearchy whose aristocratic rank was more assured than the Byrons', because not propped by a title. And it was this surely that Pound gathered from the air as 'live tradition', and from the eye as 'unconquered flame' – the daring and the indignation of Shelley, persisting so improbably into the tawdriness of late-Victorian and Edwardian politics. (For no reader of the Earl of Lytton's loose-jointed but attractive memoir, or of Blunt's own diaries, can any longer see in the Edwardian age a long and golden evening of pomp and circumstance – that England was even more vulgar than ours.)

If it is still too soon for the world at large to endorse the poets' salute to Blunt, that must be because Blunt, so far from being 'dated', is altogether too uncomfortably near at hand. Call in evidence only the last page of the diaries, where Blunt speaks of 1914-18. He declares 'My attitude during the four years the war lasted was from the first day one of severest abstention'; and this because he knew

> the true history of this astonishing venture entered on by Asquith through a miscalculation of the military value of Russia, and saved only from supreme disaster by the fighting tenacity of our ignorant boy soldiers, who believed what they were told, and throughout the war pretended, that it was for liberty waged in the defence of

---

* *Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Macdonald. 30s.*

weak nations, and to set the whole world free.

The man with the courage to publish these words in 1919 deserved to receive the homage of the poets five years before, and to have one of them reiterate the homage 26 years later.

Defending and Deciding

The Necessity for Choice. By HENRY A. KISSINGER. *Chatto & Windus.* 30s.

Mr Kissinger's last book, *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, published in 1956, won world-wide attention with its theories about limited war and tactical nuclear weapons. With the advent of the Kennedy Administration, Mr Kissinger's influence on American foreign policy has probably increased, and his new book therefore deserves the attention of those who believe that the defence of the West is a real problem. Those who deny that it is (whether because they want the Soviet bloc to win, or because they hate the British ruling class, or because they believe that the Soviet Union, despite its rulers' 'mistakes' from Kronstadt to Hungary, is still a Socialist state incapable by definition of imperialism) would do well to leave it unread.

The greater part of this book is concerned with military problems, but these are examined from an essentially political point of view. The author writes as an American primarily for Americans, but his views concern all who are allied to America. He begins with the problems of deterrence, and then reconsiders the possibilities of limited war and of Nato. The next chapters deal with problems of diplomatic negotiation with the Soviet Union and with arms control. Then comes a brief discussion of the future evolution of communism and of the future role of the 'new countries' of Asia and Africa in international relations. Mr Kissinger ends with some interesting but rather inconclusive observations on the relative role of intellectuals and government officials in the making of foreign policy. The book is stimulating throughout, though it is at times long-winded. If it lacks shape, this is due not so much to the fault of the author as to the inherently shapeless nature of his themes.

The most interesting section is the first. The problem of deterrence has long been confused by the assumption that *The* Deterrent consists of thermo-nuclear destruction. As this becomes more horrific in its scope, it becomes less convincing. A deterrent which is not credible (because no one believes that there will be a thermo-nuclear war for the sake of Laos, for example) no longer deters. The discussion of the different risks arising from variations in the vulnerability of the two giant Powers, and of the eventual invulnerability of both Powers, can be warmly recommended to anyone genuinely interested in the realities of international politics. It is clearly shown that effective deterrence of aggression requires the possession not only of nuclear weapons but also of large 'conventional' forces. But as not even the United States can afford simultaneously to maintain three separate arsenals – thermo-nuclear, 'tactical nuclear' and conventional – closer co-ordination is needed within the North Atlantic Alliance than at present exists. Mr Kissinger stresses the obvious, yet usually forgotten, fact that but for their refusal to accept sacrifices in consumption the Nato Powers could easily match the Russians in conventional forces.

The same preoccupation with consumer comforts appears also in Western theories about the evolution of Soviet society. Certainly this is continuously changing. But it does not follow that because Soviet citizens are more prosperous, the Soviet government will abandon its totalitarian policies. German consumers became more prosperous between 1933 and 1939.

Neutralism in Asia and Africa has become accepted as respectable since the death of Dulles. But it has led to a naive desire to please the neutrals which also has its dangers, and which recalls the desire of soap manufacturers to offer articles which will please the housewife. It is right that the housewife should determine the soap market, but it is dangerous if inexperienced leaders of new states in Africa are made to feel that they can decide world politics.

Mr Kissinger's book raises, but does not discuss, the problem of the relationship between democratic governments and peoples in foreign policy. The ideas that 'what the public wants' is right, that foreign policies should be chosen for their sales value, that democratic statesmen should not exercise authority, that leadership means *Führerprinzip*, have become widely accepted in Western societies. Yet these ideas do not form an essential part of the tradition of the Left, whether liberal, radical or Socialist. How the ideas of Northcliffe or the men of Munich have become the conventional wisdom of large sections of both Left and Right in the Britain of the 1960's is a subject which might well be recommended to sociologists in search of a PhD.

HUGH SETON-WATSON

A Fighting Childhood

An Only Child. By FRANK O'CONNOR. *Macmillan.* 21s.

Endowed with a natural delight in guerilla war and quarrel, the Irish writers have usually been original in their accounts of childhood. The family knockabout brings a glint of pure animal pleasure, the laughing look of the young dog, to their eyes. Mr O'Connor's relation of his life as a child in a Cork slum and as a youth mixed up in the Irish Civil War has this spirit; but it has something more – an idea and a sense of the growth of a mind. He has little or none of the professional Irishman in him or of the brothiness, feyness, sentimentality, that mar so much of Irish writing. At his best he is more truthful, lucid and substantial than any other Irish realist now writing and in this autobiography his talent is sure.

His story is by turns painful, hard, tragic, comical and sardonic. It is remarkable throughout for the portrait of his mother. This beautiful woman grew out of the depths of Irish misery. Starvation had appeared in her childhood. She was put into an orphanage, later married to a solemn but drunken bandmaster in the British Army and went out charring while her husband drank his pay. The happiest period of her girlhood was when she was a servant in a rather raffish, derelict family whom she idolised. Her strength of character and wisdom were supported, rather than marred, by two happy faults: personal vanity and simplicity. In this *Sons and Lovers* situation, her son naturally took sides against the ruinous bandmaster. He came eventually to realise that what held his mother to her husband was a profound gratitude: he had 'raised an orphan from the gutter' and not the least of the merits of Mr O'Connor's book is that he understands the social as well as the personal implications of this truthful and moving remark.

He is equally observant of the boy's young mind, his own. When he watched the regular visits to the pawnshop, which corresponded with the bandmaster's bouts, it was not so much the stripping of the home or the hunger that he noticed as the high rate of interest in Irish money-lending. He worked out a system for turning money-lender to his own parents! After rough schooling he was thrown out to earn his living as a railway checker. This job was monotonous and farcical; at one time he was led up the garden by a practical joker who put him on to finding a bale of missing foreskins. Happily he came across Daniel Corkery at this time and was pulled into the Irish language revival and eventually into the Irish civil war. Where schools fail, a revolution with all its follies has a forcing power. His misleading experiences in that ugly, haphazard, pathetic and comic war were his true education.

Here the book ceases to be merely one more account of a life and hard times by a clever novelist and discloses the growth of a mind and a governing idea. To liberate himself from the humiliations of slum life and its picaresque slavery the boy made a religion of education. If he could not go to a decent school he could at least enjoy it in fantasy by reading the *Gem* and the *Magnet;* if he dared not speak to an educated girl, he could read poetry and great literature; if writing English was beyond him, he could pick up a casual, ungrammatical smattering of bits of foreign languages; he could learn Irish, for example, with dashing inaccuracy, by ear. The mind of the autodidact owes everything at first to escape and to the simpler forms of adolescent snobbery and self-delusion.

The whole gimcrack method was bound to lead to a crash, sooner or later, but it served. The crash came in the Irish Civil War, for he joined the charmingly named 'Irregulars', a band of romantics as addled in mind as he was. The political chapters do no more, fortunately, than touch upon the outline of that miserable business; it is seen from a youth's point of view – a youth who does not quite know what he is up to, who is shattered when he sees a boy shot dead beside him and who, at this horrifying moment, is frightened of slinking home to his father admitting he has lost his cap during the incident.

The most interesting thing – and the most important – in this part of the book is Mr O'Connor's vivid and intimate portrait of Erskine Childers, with whom he served. Bleak, fanatical, the professional soldier who looked with despair upon the incompetent Irish riff-raff he was trying to lead, Childers is a figure, half absurd, lonely, neglected, doomed. The Irish called him 'the damned Englishman' and were both afraid and contemptuous of him *because* he was doomed. His mixture of soldierly fuss, Public School decency, indifference to danger, his practicality and lack of romance, were totally alien to them. The Irregulars were always melting away to Mass or slipping off to visit their cows on their farms; they were embarrassed by their weapons. Childers kept his small pistol under his waistcoat, pinned to his braces – a sensible piece of eccentricity which they thought at once ludicrous and alarming.

The young O'Connor was taken prisoner at last and disillusion set in. In revolutions, the romantics, the fanatics, the idealists play their brief part; very soon the killers come to the surface. Mr O'Connor saw that the literary notions of his 'education' were as false as

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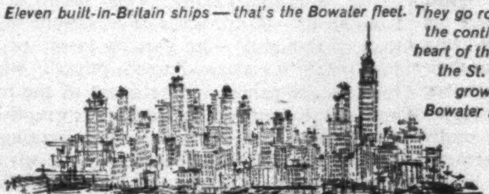

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V. S. PRITCHETT

Macerator

The Traitor. By ANDRÉ GORZ. Translated by RICHARD HOWARD. *Calder.* 30*s.*

In principle, André Gorz's *The Traitor* has the makings of an interesting document. The author is an Austrian who lives in Paris. His father was a Jew, his mother an anti-semitic Catholic. When the Nazis rolled into Vienna and the pogroms began, young Gorz, obsessed by the need to conform, sported an outsize swastika in his lapel. Urged on by his mother, he tried to be pure Aryan, wore his Jewishness like a mark of shame, hated his polluting father and lapsed irredeemably into Oedipal guilt. The more he tried to mould himself to the Nazi ideal, the guiltier and more isolated he became. When the war started he was packed off to a boarding school in German-speaking Switzerland where, since everyone's motives, loyalties and nationalities were as mixed as his, he was hard put to remain an outsider. He succeeded by converting himself to a new religion – Gallicism. He began to read, speak, think and breathe French more fervently than the French themselves. After all, they were the losing side. So when France fell at last he could feel, even in the safety of his Swiss mountain school, more abject and trampled on than ever. Later in his teens he underwent another conversion: to the religion of Sartre. He is now an existential Marxist after the school of St Germain des Prés and Sartre contributes an enthusiastic foreword to his book – although he would have been perfectly justified in refusing, as Russell did for Joad, with a polite 'Modesty forbids'.

The book is in four parts: *'We'*, in which Gorz tries to define his abjectness in general, abstract, existential and Marxist terms; *'They'*, a description, with a good deal of abstract interpolation, of his childhood in Austria under the Nazis; *'You'*, the few people in Gorz's life – Sartre and, rather grudgingly, a couple of mistresses; finally, *'I'*, in which the author tries to pass mature judgment on himself and assume an identity. Of the four, *'They'* is by far the most impressive, for Gorz, almost unwillingly, has the gifts of a novelist: a terse, factual, unemphatic style of description which can generate a good deal of power, whether his subject is a farm holiday, schoolboy anti-semitic violence, a savage analysis of his mother's behaviour or of the strange 'It-couldn't-happen-to-us' attitude which seems to have possessed so many middle-class Jewish families until the moment when the doors of the gas-chambers closed behind them.

Unfortunately, Gorz is not much interested in creative writing; his ambitions are philosophical – even if his talents are not. He can live with his quirks, anxieties and obsessions only by transforming them into abstractions and logical cat's cradles:

> I have not worked in order to fail; I have worked in order to emerge from failure without knowing how I would manage afterwards, and therefore quite ready, in case of a new failure, to fall back into my situation of nullity which I have not yet really transcended.
>
> Here the ground is firm, at last he [Gorz] has the sense of having put things properly.

Perhaps he has put it properly in French; but in English the sentence is not only confused and pretentious, it is illogical: he surely can't mean that he works *in order* to emerge from failure as ignorant as he went in. It may be, however, that Gorz did not really *mean* anything; he was simply attempting a logical somersault to bring him back to where he started. And this is typical of the sporting attitude the French intellectuals adopt to their craft: has their flair for rhetoric and taste for logic led them to evolve a rhetoric of logic? Or are they, despite their Marxism, really trying to sign a separate peace with Germany by working out their own problems in the manner of the best German metaphysics? Either way, the intellectual visibility is nil.

Gorz himself describes this process as 'macerating for years in his masturbatory and metaphysicoascetic juice'. I won't contradict him. But the question is, why does he do it? His own reason is guilt. He is, he patiently explains, such a swine: cowardly, mean, ungrateful, conceited and indifferent to the point of insentience. No doubt he is right, and no doubt the combination of childhood trauma and a hopelessly corrupting environment are in part to blame. But I wonder if his resultant self-hatred isn't an easy way of avoiding a guilt both closer to him and more public: I mean the guilt of having suffered so little. When the concentration camps were beginning to be filled, Gorz was guiltily acting the schoolboy Nazi; when the mass-exterminations were taking place he was tucked away in a smart Swiss school. For a half-Jewish Austrian he had an amazingly easy time under the Nazi terror (he doesn't, incidentally, mention what happened to his father). So perhaps all those muddled polysyllables cover an anxiety not about his identity but about his loyalty; he talks endlessly about involvement because he was never involved. Certainly, *The Traitor* would have seemed both more significant and sympathetic had it not coincided with the Eichmann trial.

A. ALVAREZ

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NELSON

Long and Loping

A Typhoon Called Tyson. By FRANK TYSON. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

The opening of any cricket season nowadays is usually disfigured by a rash of books in which ghost writers, acting in the name of first-class cricketers, dispense trivia and malice in about equal proportions. *A Typhoon Called Tyson*, however, is different. Mr Frank Tyson has written it himself, using a little too freely but, once, with great effect quotations from the poets he absorbed while gaining his BA in English Literature at Durham. There is no malice, not even to the Northampton pitch, that fast bowler's graveyard, nor to Mr Freddie Brown, manager of the 1958-59 MCC tour of Australia, who in that day and age forbade the professionals to call their captain by his Christian name. The trivia is limited to two new and good cricket stories. One is of Freddie Trueman who, when Willie Watson dropped a catch in the slips, stood thunderously in mid-wicket glaring at the culprit. 'Come on, Fred, I've a train to catch' said Watson. 'Doant worry, lad, tha'll miss it – same as tha' does everything else.'

What makes this book exciting is Tyson's attempt to explain his own passion for fast bowling. Though he seems to reject the diagnosis of a Frenchman that he bowled fast because he was suffering from an inverted Oedipus complex, he does agree that love-hate relationships come into it. So does a sense of omnipotence. So, above all, does the exhilaration of winding up every nerve and sinew until the whole body works with the smoothness and deadliness of a catapult. What does not come into it, says this highly intelligent writer, is brain. Taking as his motto a line from Keats – 'O for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts' – he goes on to say of fast bowling: 'It is an honest pursuit whose rewards are gained by the sweat of the brow and not by any underhand or surreptitious methods.' Later he adds: 'The coming of guile to quick bowling can be like the advance of creeping paralysis to the body.' This intellectual implies that cricket to him meant revelling in 'glad animal action' and that once this thrill was sated, the game stirred him no more.

Yet I feel that there was more in Tyson's bowling than just glad animal action; and a possible clue lies in his dedication of the book to his 'dear, hard-working, *non-conformist* mother.' His own description of his bowling gives another:

> . . . then away, long and loping, counting mechanically yet rhythmically the nine strides of my approach. My body bows, head forward, preparing to rise, reaching, clawing for height before bringing the ball banging down at the batsman. I feel my legs tense, my head is on one side and the wickets are in my sights. There is a sudden shock, shaking me to the skull, as the stiff leg crashes into unsympathetic turf, and my whole body flings itself

after the ball, as if in malediction towards the batsman.

A still better clue – indeed I would take it as visual proof – is the action photograph taken for the *Daily Mirror* and forming the cover of this book – of Tyson immediately after delivery. There for everyone to see is the nonconformist's directness, his hatred of guile, his contempt for cleverness, his Old Testament lust for the blood of sinners. When the gentle Frank Tyson played cricket, he felt himself to be, and was, the zealous, undiscriminating flail of the Lord.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Greats

Callas. By GEORGE JELLINEK. *Gibbs & Phillips.* 30*s.*

J. Paul Getty. By RALPH HEWINS. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 25*s.*

McIndoe. By HUGH MCLEAVE. *Muller.* 21*s.*

Herb Elliott. As told to ALAN TRENGOVE. *Cassell.* 18*s.*

As an artist Maria Callas is greater than the sum of her abilities. Her voice is by no means perfect. Even in opera – her only medium – she is not outstandingly versatile. Yet she is the greatest prima donna of our time. Few singers have as deep a knowledge of music and none can approach her in the portrayal of character and emotion on the stage.

She also exhibits a good deal of character and emotion off stage, and her notoriety makes her all the more eligible for biography. Mr Jellinek has written a very sensible and informative account of her career. Severe myopia and a massive figure would appear to be insuperable for an opera-singer. That she has overcome them, as Mr Jellinek shows, is a sign both of her extraordinary personality and of her dedication to her art. For a Greek, her sense of nemesis is remarkably undeveloped. She just sings (or fails to sing) and lets impresarios take the hindmost. But it is instructive to note that rivals such as Renata Tebaldi do not really feud with her as much as one is led to suppose.

J. Paul Getty is now the richest man in the world, with the possible exceptions of King Saud and the Sheikh of Kuwait. Whether he is also an interesting subject for biography – whether, from a reader's point of view, he is greater than the sum of his assets – is another matter. Mr Hewins has done his best to create a myth of paradox and complexity. (He seems to have ended up by believing it himself, but I suspect that originally it was just a means to persuade his subject, who appears a modest man, that he was in need of elucidation.) None the less he is good enough at sorting out the financial aspects of Mr Getty. Mr Getty was born to wealth but overcame this handicap well before middle age. He was not one to let the Depression pass him by. He bought oil shares at a low price, the foundation of his fortune, and now heads an interlocking oil empire which would make the framers of the Anti-Trust laws boggle. Nor has he toiled only in oil. An aircraft factory proved rewarding during the war, for instance, and he more or less invented Acapulco.

Like Mr Hewins and with similar vulgarity, Mr McLeave tries to envelop his subject in an aura of marvel and amazement. The story seems simple enough. Sir Archibald McIndoe, a great plastic surgeon, made his name during the war with the excellent repair work he did at his East Grinstead hospital on Battle of Britain pilots. He was

GANDHI

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distinguished not only by his skill but by his efforts to restore confidence to his patients. After the war the McIndoe Nose and other correctives to nature brought him a fashionable clientele which he was far from despising. Indeed his talent for publicity earned him the disfavour of the medical profession. He made a lot of money and would have ended a millionaire, we are told, if he had not died at the comparatively early age of 56.

Finally we have the Herb Elliott story, as told to a close admirer. Herb Elliott is the fastest middle-distance runner in the world and, at the age of 23, has 17 sub-four-minute miles behind him. Sportsmen, unlike opera singers, are required to be modest. He studiously explains that his gift was given him 'for a special reason' and attributes his talents to Mum and to remoter ancestors.

COLIN HAYCRAFT

What Sort of Traitors

The German Opposition to Hitler. By HANS ROTHFELS. Translated by LAWRENCE WILSON. *Wolff.* 18*s.*

How many Germans opposed Hitler? In the third month of the Eichmann trial, the question is apposite. It is also difficult to answer, as Professor Rothfels' book shows. This is partly because the documentation is lacking: opposition within a totalitarian state is bound to be silent; only in captured Gestapo records do we find hard facts and figures. But it also true that Germans need to build up the legend of resistance to exorcise the legend of collective guilt; for the opposite reason, anti-Germans need to play it down. For German apologists of, say, the 20 July plot there is the need to combat the growth of a new *dolchstosslegende.*

Professor Rothfels clearly considers unfair the treatment meted out to the German opposition in the late Professor Namier's essays or Mr John Wheeler-Bennett's *The Nemesis of Power.* Where Namier saw diplomats like Kordt or Weizsäcker playing a double game, conniving at Hitler's policies and then claiming in their memoirs to have 'secretly opposed', Professor Rothfels argues that effective opposition to totalitarianism can only come from within the system. The soldiers and civil servants Namier attacked may have compromised themselves; but the non-compromisers had deprived themselves of the means of effective action. And Professor Rothfels has the more right to make this criticism, since he himself chose to leave Germany after 1933. One merit of his book is the care with which the varying degrees of opposition are distinguished. 'A healthy scepticism', he writes, 'should be maintained towards claims to participation based on no more than a clenched fist in the pocket'. Yet, equally, the motives of men like Pastor Bonhoeffer and von Moltke (who opposed the use of violence) must be distinguished from those of men like Canaris and Rommel.

Another merit is the balance held between the different groups. Here, his book is a timely corrective to Professor Gerhard Ritter's *The German Resistance,* which appeared in this country last year (though it was in fact second in the field). Professor Ritter cast Carl Goerdeler, the ex-burgomaster of Leipzig, as his hero (he spoke also of 'resistance', where Professor Rothfels had spoken, advisedly, of opposition). This was unfortunate. Goerdeler was not only an unreliable witness, vain, indiscreet, full of impracticable nostrums for the spiritual regeneration of the Fatherland. He was loathed and distrusted by many of his fellow-conspirators, including von Moltke and von Stauffenberg. The upshot was an account of the German opposition that reflected Goerdeler's own egotism. It distorted the role of equally important, and far more attractive, figures like General Beck, the Socialist Julius Leber and von Stauffenberg himself. Yet there is little doubt that by 20 July 1944 von Stauffenberg was the effective leader of the opposition.

How many Germans did oppose Hitler? Some, very courageously as Professor Rothfels shows, right from the beginning. Others, though not necessarily from despicable motives, only when Hitler's star was on the wane. As for the mass of the people: Professor Rothfels points out that the Nazis never won more than 37 per cent of the electorate at a free election; and even during the terror of March 1933 the Social Democrat and Catholic vote remained intact. After that, we have only the Gestapo records to go by; Professor Rothfels thinks that a million Germans may have seen the inside of concentration camps between 1933 and 1945. The full extent of this secret struggle can never be known to the historian; but it is certain that a large minority did oppose, and that many paid for it with their lives. As to the taunt of ineffectiveness, to which Professor Rothfels is properly sensitive: only a table of unusual solidity saved the Führer from the contents of von Stauffenberg's briefcase.

JOHN MANDER

Models of Mischief

The Winter of our Discontent. By JOHN STEINBECK. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

A Step in the River. By FRANCIS IRBY GWALTNEY. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

Tale for the Bluebird. By GERALD WEALES. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Voices at Play. By MURIEL SPARK. *Macmillan.* 16*s.*

The Painted Queen. By OLGA HESKY. *Blond.* 18*s.*

Local politics is an ideal subject for the novel. You have a community, public opinion, individuals whose actions matter, complex issues, temptation and fall. In England, despite *Middlemarch,* it seems hard to find out just what is going on (what ever did happen to that chief constable?), but in America all secrets are known. Novelists have long been busy making models, as convincing and as sinister as a toy Polaris. Steinbeck's nest of corruption, in *The Winter of our Discontent,* is a pleasant little port in New England, where almost everyone is discreetly on the fiddle. Ethan Hawley, of good family and education, has come down in the world, to become clerk in the grocery store, which belongs to a Sicilian. Ethan is about the only honest man in town; but tired of being broke he is determined to prove a villain. He gains development land by giving his old friend, the town drunk, enough money to kill him off, he informs on his Sicilian to get him deported for illegal entry, and is even on the point of robbing the bank when he learns that his grateful boss has given him the store for next to nothing. Flushed with victory over the local banker, and on the point of enjoying wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, Ethan finds to his horror that his son has cheated in a TV competition, and so ends in self-disgust and repentance. Mr Steinbeck, obsessed with the problem of honesty, has written a serious tract, or at least the sketch for one; his grasp of local detail is sure, and he writes of the setting with some charm. But his people remain unconvincing, especially Ethan: I simply cannot believe in his transformation into Richard III; while his wisecracks and domestic endearments are sadly sentimental. Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

Francis Irby Gwaltney, although not a natural writer like Steinbeck, has treated much the same subject far more sternly. True, the hero of *A Step in the River*, honest pilot-farmer Calvin, is also soft-centred; he wins the only right girl in the story, honest journalist Anna. But if this courtship is pop-corn, never mind; most of the book is good steak. Calvin's cousin David is the boss of a Southern state: he puts his front men in office and gets the contracts. (Who gets the contracts in your town?) He is about to run another cousin, John Frank, for Governor, when the election is contested by Clutts, a rabble-rousing radio preacher with a big following among the poor whites. Calvin, no politician, agrees to fly his cousins about on the campaign; he ends by getting sickened with the racket and breaking the old ties with his family.

What really matters in this book are the splendid scenes: editors flown in by helicopter for a beer party, Clutts whipping up the mountaineers and coolly arguing about bribes with his opponents, the organisation men at work, a millionaire doctor in rags looking after his Negroes. Gwaltney's understanding of politics, especially of political rhetoric, is profound, and everything rings true. A highly gifted story-teller, he has been called a Southern Marquand, and that is about right, except that he lacks even Marquand's ability to create a depth of character. This is not the heroic South of Faulkner, nor the sweet decay of Eudora Welty; but it is truer than either of these, more sordid and in ways more interesting. Gwaltney is a dedicated and uncynical liberal, who knows how things work.

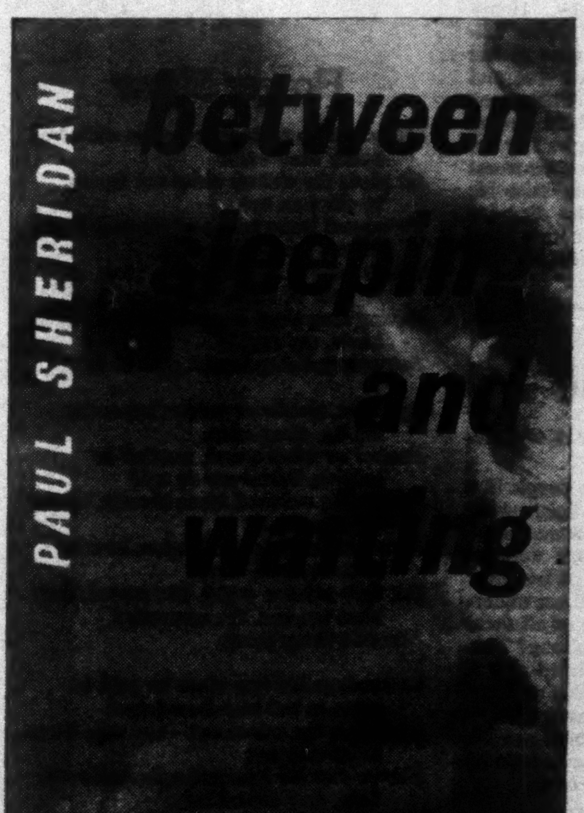
Gerald Weales is also concerned with some of these problems, but he stands at a greater distance from them. *Tale for the Bluebird* is an odd combination of picaresque and the godly fantasy of the late Charles Williams. The narrator goes in search of a set of characters who are themselves in search of a mysterious ornamental box. The characters are professor, preacher, high-class call-girl, abstract expressionist and so on. Wanderings across the States give an opportunity for brisk satire on academic poets (who write about their wives' toothbrushes), beat poets (who write about not having any), politicians and general corruption; but the satire lacks sting. Weales is an elegant and observant writer, but is neither the humorist nor the moralist he sets out to be. The box when opened turns out to possess purely metaphysical qualities; it's a harmless allegorical trap.

Voices at Play is described as 'stories and ear-pieces', the latter being radio plays written for the Third Programme. I don't know how they sounded, but they don't read very well. Miss Spark writes, 'I turned my mind into a wireless set and let the characters play on my ear'; the result is less telling than the voices heard by Gilbert Pinfold or even by the heroine of her earlier novel *The Comforters*. They are extra-sensory, two of them variants of the shortest ghost story recorded ('Do you believe in ghosts?' he said, and vanished). The stories, on the other hand, are masterly, as beautifully organised, hideously alert and witty as Saki's. Her speciality is the pre-war 'colonial shooting', mostly white shooting white for love in those happy days, but occasionally the other kind.

> Yere I was sitting yere on the bed feeding the baby and I look up at the window and so help me God it was a blerry nig standing outside with his face at the window. You should of heard me scream. So Jamie got the gun and caught the nig and I hear the bang . . .

Thus Mrs Van der Merwe, who is later shot by her husband. 'The Curtain Blown by the Breeze' is excelled by 'Bang-bang you're dead', in which the showing of home movies, that most tedious of entertainments, is the frame of a most intricately patterned analysis. 'The Ormulu Clock', with its hallucinatory visual quality, and 'A Member of the Family' are also wildly funny; but Miss Spark is also an expert in horror – there is a real skull beneath the skin.

Shahar, a young literary man of the ninth century BC, becomes scribe to Elijah, and is told to write a chronicle of the reign of King Omri, whom he admires. The prophet tells him he writes a fair hand, wipes the scroll clean, and says 'And now write, "Omri the king did evil in the sight of the Lord" '. Miss Olga Hesky in *The Painted Queen* tries to undo the malicious rewriting of history by the prophets and to state the case for Jezebel and the House of Omri. An Israeli herself, she is pro-Israel and anti-Judah, and bitterly hostile to the unwashed prophets of Yahweh, who undermined the authority of the kingship. Her favourites are those austere but not very devout warriors Omri, Ahab and Jehoram, but she sympathises with Princess Jezebel of Phoenicia, who so bravely made up her face for her last public occasion. Miss Hesky affords plenty of good archæology; her battles



ROBERT SHAW
author of 'The Sun Doctor' writes:

BETWEEN SLEEPING AND WAITING by Paul Sheridan is the story of the decline of a psychopath. Sheridan shows very great promise. If he organizes things a little better and profits from this already considerable accomplishment, he might one day write a novel of real importance. To some extent he has already achieved this for to read his book enlarges one's understanding of the mentally sick, and of the pressures society puts upon them.

Ecks is a character who haunts the imagination; for days after you have read about him you find yourself returning to his problems and you worry about them as if he were somebody you knew. You realize that most of us have something in common with him; that some of his dilemmas are ours. The last sentence of the book is peculiarly memorable: 'They made way for him, staring as he went on his road, his eyes lit with the awareness of his dignity, of his place among men.' I hope you will read this book.

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JONATHAN CAPE

are uniformly excellent, her descriptions of place and weather clear and sometimes moving. She fails only because she has no gift at all for dialogue. Robert Graves would have taken greater liberties than that of making Elijah use sodium on the altar, but he would have put more life into the talk. He probably will.

MATTHEW HODGART

Desperate Knot

The Levellers and the English Revolution. By H. N. BRAILSFORD. Edited by CHRISTOPHER HILL. *Cresset Press. 55s.*

Who were the Levellers? All the great Whig historians, including G. M. Trevelyan, were content to dismiss them in a paragraph or a footnote. 'A few visionaries' was Gardiner's phrase. Even those sympathetic to their ideas find it difficult not to be influenced by these serried judgments. John Lilburne is often regarded more as a brave and endearing eccentric than a figure of historical significance. The ancient sneers of the Royalist writers help to fortify the usual portrait of a bunch of cranks, men centuries ahead of their time who intruded no further than the fringe of great affairs. 'The name of Levellers', wrote one, 'a most apt title for such a despicable and desperate knot to be known by, that endeavour to cast down and level the enclosures of nobility, gentry and propriety, to make us all even, so that every Jack shall vie with a gentleman and every gentleman be made a Jack'. How inconsiderable must those men have been in the stupendous struggle between Roundhead and Cavalier! What dwarfs in the shadow of a Cromwell!

The first big fact about Brailsford's book is that it shatters this assumption for ever. Never again can the history of the Civil War and the Commonwealth be written in the old terms. 'Enough has come to light in recent years,' says Brailsford, 'to compel a revision of the classical story of the Revolution. Not in ideas only but in action, the initiative during this critical phase came from the Levellers. They led the struggle against clericalism and intolerance; they challenged the ascendancy of Holles and his class; they set the Army marching'. Modestly, Brailsford does not claim credit for the discovery. But the beauty of his mind, the sweep of his narrative, the detailed, scrupulous proof he offers in 700 massive pages carry conviction for his high claims. What Clarendon did for the Cavaliers and what Carlyle did for Cromwell, Brailsford has done for the Levellers and their associates.

Of course there will be objectors. In particular, as is pointed out by Christopher Hill who has edited the book so expertly and lovingly, Brailsford is probably wrong in his assertions that the Levellers were demanding manhood suffrage. Other errors or misjudgments may be detected. But all such criticisms cannot alter or injure the two main themes. First he shows how much more formidable than anyone conceived before was the Leveller organisation; how deeply the Army was infected by the doctrine that 'our being soldiers hath not deprived us of our rights as commoners'; how at so many moments of crisis Cromwell was more their servant than their master. And secondly and more expectedly, in the realm of ideas, he shows how various, how humane and far-seeing, were the anthems which Lilburne and his colleagues could play on their 'eternal trumpet of defiance to all the men and devils in earth and hell'.

If he exaggerates the all-embracing nature of their democratic faith, it is still true that they were the first organisers of a democratic party and a citizen army, the first advocates of a secular, democratic Republic, the first consistent champions of a genuine tolerance for everyone, for Catholics and Jews no less than good Puritans. 'What is done to anyone may be done to everyone', said Lilburne, and upon that rock he built a programme of proposed reform which most of the free world still has not shown the will to execute.

These despised, irresponsible eccentrics were seeking to pierce the mysteries of the universe as daringly as they argued about society and strategy with their officers in Putney Church. 'They were freemen of the century of Galileo, Harvey and Newton'. The claim is hardly less bold than Brailsford's insistence on their direct political influence. But the proof is offered in the most extensive and perceptive examination of the writings of the Levellers ever undertaken. In the end, they were crushed. But their seagreen ribbons were never dragged through the mud. When Cromwell set out on his terrible mission to Ireland, they would have no part of it. They raised the first English banner against the crime of imperialism as they had set the fashion in so much else. 'It will be no satisfaction to God's justice', wrote William Walwyn, 'to plead that you murdered men in obedience to your general.'

This is a glorious book. Not only has Brailsford added a new dimension to 17th-century history. Presented in his context, a whole long list of men acquire a new stature and step forward to enrich the richest pages in our history. Richard Overton ('A wit always pays a heavy penalty for amusing Anglo-Saxons; he is classed among the not quite respectable'), William Walwyn, Edward Sexby, Henry Marten, Thomas Rainsborough, John Lilburne himself and many more – now at last after three centuries they get their due and should recover in the eyes of their countrymen the place of honour they once held among 'the plain men' of Cromwell's armies and the London mob. H. N. Brailsford was their truest descendant, a knight errant fit to take his place in such company. When he died his friends talked of a monument for him. Here it is, an imperishable work of passion, scholarship and art.

MICHAEL FOOT

Swedish Misfits

A Clean Well-Lighted Place. By KATHLEEN NOTT. *Heinemann. 18s.*

Do we want to be civilised? Do people like it when they get what we have all been asking for – light and air and good food and comfortable houses and enough work and no overcrowding and wide tolerance of free love – with expert state psychiatry and an understanding rescue service if, in spite of all these good things, some misfits still go wrong? This question, which would have sounded silly a few years ago, must come into the mind of any sensitive visitor to Scandinavia today – especially in Sweden. Bernard Shaw put his answer many years ago into the mouth of Andrew Undershaft in *Major Barbara.*

> When you are organising civilisation you have to make up your mind whether trouble and anxiety are good things or not. If you decide that they are, then, I take it, you simply don't organise civilisation; and there you are with trouble and anxiety enough to make us all

Two Poems by Louis MacNeice

In Lieu

Roses with the scent bred out,
In lieu of which is a long name on a label.
Dragonflies reverting to grubs,
Tundra and desert overcrowded,
And in lieu of a high altar
Wafers and wine procured by a coin in a slot.

On the podium in lieu of a man
With fallible hands is ensconced
A metal lobster with built-in tempi;
The deep sea fishermen in lieu of
Battling with tunny and cod
Are signing their contracts for processing plankton.

On roof after roof the prongs
Are baited with faces, in saltpan and brainpan
The savour is lost, in deep
Freeze after freeze in lieu of a joint
Are piled the shrunken heads of the past
And the offals of unborn children.

In lieu, therefore, of choice
Thy Will be undone just as flowers,
Fugues, vows and hopes are undone,
While the weather is packaged and the spacemen
In endless orbit and in lieu of a flag
The orator hangs himself from the flagpost.

Flower Show

Marooned by night in a canvas cathedral under bare bulbs
He plods the endless aisles not daring to close an eye
To massed brass bands of flowers; these flowers are not to pluck
Which (cream cheese, paper, glass, all manner of textile and plastic),
Having long since forgotten, if they ever knew, the sky,
Are grown, being forced, uprooted.

Squidlike, phallic or vulvar, hypnotic, idiotic, oleaginous,
Fanged or whaleboned, wattled or balding, brimstone or cold
As trout or seaweed, these blooms, ogling or baneful, all
Keep him in their blind sights; he tries to stare them down
But they are too many, too unreal, their aims are one, the controlled
Aim of a firing party.

So bandage his eyes since he paid to come in but somehow forgot
To follow the others out – and now there is no way out
Except that his inturned eyes, before he falls, may show him
Some nettled orchard, tousled hedge, some garden even,
Where flowers, whether they boast or insinuate, whisper or shout,
Still speak a living language.

ATV's Play Competition, 1961

AWARDED £1000

NO DECISION by Ruth Park and D'Arcy Niland of Sydney, Australia.

AWARDED £250 each

PASSING THROUGH by David Ballantyne of Forest Hill, London.
TO SEE MARX'S TOMB by Peter Everett of Swiss Cottage, London.
THE TRAP by Mrs. G. Redshaw of Fritchley, Derby.

AWARDED £100 each

TIME AND MR. STRACHAN by Richard Beynon of St. John's Wood, London.
THE DEATH TRAP by Maurice Gaynor and Timothy West of Wimbledon, Surrey.
THE TRAVELLERS by Sir Anthony Glyn of Alton, Hampshire.

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THE POLITICAL QUARTERLY

Volume 32 No. 3
July-September 1961

Special Issue on The Conservative Party

Editors: W. A. ROBSON
T. E. M. MCKITTERICK

Following last year's successful special issue on the Labour Party, the editors of *Political Quarterly* now present one on the Conservative Party. The editorial, entitled "The Adaptable Party" describes briefly how the Conservative Party gradually adapts itself to the needs and desires of the People. This theme is further expanded in articles by Christopher Hollis, "The Conservative Party in History". David Hennessy, "Right Hand Man — the Communication of Conservative Policy, 1957-59". Richard Hornby, M.P., "Conservative Principles". The role played by the Party Conference is examined by W. J. Biffen, and Richard Rose, "Tensions in Conservative Philosophy" and Julian Critchley, M.P., "The Intellectuals" complete the picture.

Quarterly 8s. 6d *Subscription for 1961 35s.*

STEVENS

The latest news about the 'birth' pill

There has been a lot of publicity lately about 'birth' pills—but do you know the *facts* about them? During the development and testing of these pills a lot of valuable facts have emerged—about the effectiveness of the pills, the possible side-effects, how and when they should be taken, how much they are likely to cost. If you would like to have the latest information about these pills, you will find it in the free booklet entitled "Modern Family Planning". Sensibly written in simple language, this booklet sets out to explain all that married people need to know about all the various family planning methods. It can answer all your questions, relieve your anxiety—and contribute a great deal to the happiness and harmony of your marriage.

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angels! but if you decide the other way, you may as well go through with it.

Though like Shaw, Miss Nott and most writers, I am almost half an anarchist, I find myself on the side of organised civilisation, beastly though it often is. So really, I think, is Miss Nott, and if she has annoyed some English reviewers and some Swedes it is, I suppose, because she has gone on asking this question about the relation of organisation to civilisation with more persistence than was tactful and has pulled the legs of excellent Swedes, whose sense of humour is not always very strong or subtle.

But I am not surprised that Swedes have become a bit touchy. They have accomplished so much and learned so many things that the good agree must be done! Yet when they display their clean, well-lighted, tolerant, rational and, I must in fairness add, beautiful country to enquiring visitors, they are asked whether they are not bored. Or, more offensive still, whether they have not really become rather boring themselves. 'Why,' these visitors ask, 'in spite of the Welfare State do they still have so many suicides, divorces, drunks and mental breakdowns?' When they show Miss Nott an admirable social service designed to cope with adolescent prostitution, she writes about it not in terms of solemn eulogy but with an irony that suggests that she has been psychoanalysing her guides rather than their delinquents.

Miss Nott is afraid of efficient organisations which she cannot help admiring. She had no excuse for asking, even ironically, whether if some Lapps are cared for in reservations, all sorts of other social misfits ought not to be similarly looked after. For the essential fact she found is that Swedes do not press their welfare services to the point of tidy and mechanical compulsion. She looked for eccentrics and found them; one refused to send his daughter through the usual compulsory routine – and he was not compelled. She found other oddities, who were tolerated as they would be in this country. Her story of the advance of the Lapps in the North and her adventures in an up-to-date iron town are delightful; she sees Sweden's new workers' society symbolised in a bronze statue 'rather fine in its way and all part of the costly austerity, the sumptious functionalism, the twopenny-plain of industrial civilisation.'

The miners were apparently satisfied; she asks, 'What have you done to a personality when you have made it like what it began by hating?' A barbed question. But Miss Nott would not prefer the hate, nor does she claim to know a better way of treating the dirty and disagreeable jobs than to make them less dirty and reasonably agreeable.

I missed, in Miss Nott's book, any account of student life: this is a pity because I think it the most exciting part of Sweden. It raises the question why, if students are so full of fun and frolic, adult male Swedes are so solemn. The only part of her book which could well be omitted is an unnecessarily long apologetic reply to an offended Swedish welfare worker. It is not possible, as I know from long experience, to write individually and frankly about any country without making some mistakes and giving patriots cause for offence.

Miss Nott has made some mistakes and she is occasionally silly; she is always too ironic to be liked by the unco guid; but she hit the mark when she began her enquiry by saying that the right question to ask in Sweden is not 'how many drunks, suicides and psychopaths?' But rather, 'how many people did I meet who were able and willing to become themselves?' A searching question indeed. And I should say that in spite of 'an odd kind of respectable conventionality', the answer, even on the basis of Miss Nott's own search, is that the proportion of such individuals – rare everywhere – is high in Sweden and the general standard of happiness is as great as anywhere I know.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

The Vertical Community

REYNER BANHAM

Late, but not too late, the architectural papers are discovering that there is good architecture in Sheffield, and the opening of the spectacular housing scheme known as Park Hill I at the end of last week provides a convenient time-mark by which to date the beginning of the northward rush of architectural pilgrims which will continue all summer. The pioneer trickle are already arriving and, as their trains emerge into the rusty black cauldron of hills that frame the town, they will be greeted by the spectacle of clean new tower-blocks poking up at a number of points through the industrial murk, or perched on dramatic sites around its perimeter. It is one of the most heartening architectural prospects in England, the more so because much of the work is of a quality to demand comparison with London or even points abroad.

The reason for the sudden focusing of attention on Sheffield is that a number of long-laid plans are coming to fruition simultaneously. The University Library, by Gollins, Melvin, Ward and Partners – our best piece of grey-flannel architecture and the manifest prototype of Paul Koralek's prize-winning scheme for Trinity, Dublin – became operational last year, and other campus buildings will follow in close order, as well as the Technical College, all by the same designers.

Similarly with the very varied work of the City Architect's Department: J. L. Womersley's team is relatively young, but it has been working on big projects with a long gestation between the publication of the designs and the completion of the buildings. Projects of the early-middle Fifties are only now beginning to make their impact, and squabbles about who thought of what first – rife when the drawings first hit the magazines – have long been forgotten.

As with all flourishing architect's departments in flourishing (not to say booming) cities, the output is not only large, but varied in scale and type; but it does not follow the usual pattern of a scatter of more-or-less routine housing estates on the fringes, and a few municipal buildings as showpieces in the centre. There are central showpieces, to be sure, such as the new Market Building, but the housing, even where least inspired, is still good enough to attract harsher criticism than it really deserves, and at its best it is in a class where comparison, even with the LCC, becomes impossible. Sheffield's real showpiece is, precisely, Park Hill. The first phase, known as Park Hill I, is near enough complete to have been formally opened. The lessons learned from it (and they are little more than lessons of detail) will be incorporated in Park Hill II, further up the hill, but I doubt if this second phase will really outshine Park Hill I, which looks like the building by which 1961 is destined to be remembered.

It's enormous: a thousand-odd dwellings in a single structure, one-flat thick, that snakes and branches down a typically steep and difficult Sheffield site. At the bottom, it turns to make a 13-storey cliff hanging above the railway cuttings and the Sheaf valley, but I use the word cliff only to conjure up a mental image and then destroy it. Park Hill's cliff is conspicuously inhabited. Far from being a blank face of impenetrable masonry, it is hollowed out with a pattern of two and one-storey openings corresponding to maisonettes and flats respectively. The architectural realisation of this dwelling pattern is moderate in both style and size of visible structural members. Not particularly fashionable, it shouldn't date; the power of these unassertive beams and columns, and the openings they frame, comes from the immense scale of the structure as a whole. But the local scale is always humane, and the whole scheme was conceived around a humane proposition: the street-decks that run through it from end to end, are intended to carry over into the new settlement the characteristic unit of social grouping of all industrial cities, the street.

These street-decks are more than just oversize access balconies. They are big enough to admit delivery trucks, and all (except the highest one) run out to ground level somewhere up the steep slope of the site. For these reasons the decks function mechanically as streets; also, toddlers play on them, may never go down to ground level; teens mend bikes, keep dates, swap gossip on them; teds occasionally brawl; heroic Sheffield grans sit, legs akimbo, at the street-deck door, backed by spectacular tableaux of floral wall-paper and aspidistras in Art-Nouveau pots on spindly wooden stands. The front door on the street deck is not just a legal fiction, though postal addresses go by decks, not blocks; nor is it just wishful thinking. Whether you live in a maisonette at deck level, or in a flat one floor down, your front door is on the deck; many tenants acknowledge the reality of these deck doors by putting squares of patterned lino outside.

Park Hill I looks like a piece of architectural community-building that is going to work out. In advancing the street-community proposition, it is at one with Denys Lasdun's Bethnal Green cluster-block, and Stirling and Gowan's two-over-one terraces at Preston. An older generation of root-and-branch Socialist improvers suspect dangerous sentimentality in these propositions, and some committed sociologists and planners make free with dark hints of social disaster in conversation, though they seem very chary of putting them into print. While relatively small schemes like the cluster-blocks or the Preston terraces appear to present evidence to support all sides of the argument, because they are too small and too anomalous in their present surroundings to permit valid generalisation, Park Hill I is physically big enough, and topographically distinct enough, to make a fair subject for study. Let's hope that some of those north-bound trains will be carrying a few sociologists who will be able to tell us whether or not Park Hill's vertically stacked streets confirm or deny something that all architects passionately believe to be true – that community is a quality that can be designed.

Anachronism Grows Old

DAVID DREW

It is remarkable that in music the attitudes and methods of pure 19th-century romanticism were sustained far beyond the turn of the century, by such figures as Strauss, Pfitzner or Franz Schmidt. Nothing comparable happened in literature or the visual arts. Each of these composers was at some time blessed or cursed with the title 'the last of the Romantics', yet their music is less valedictory than that of Mahler, who died before them. Mahler's vast cadential gestures, which refuse to close the harmonic gates until the tonal panorama has been fully explored, seek to prolong the transient and defer the inevitable. Only one who so clearly foresaw the new dawn could have searched the twilight with such loving care.

We do not find anything of the kind in Strauss or Pfitzner. For Strauss, the hypertrophy of the senses led to a world large enough and secure enough to satisfy his intellect. The music confidently proclaims that man will always be like this. Pfitzner's more cerebral attitude transformed an embittered nostalgia for the 19th century into a militantly nationalist conservatism; the preservation of the forms of 19th-century German romanticism was for him a moral and ethical duty.

There will be no chance of a fair trial for these 'anachronistic' composers until the perspectives of .history have appreciably lengthened. We need distance. In the meanwhile, every good performance helps, especially in the case of the much-maligned 'late' Strauss. Last week at the Vienna Festival, Josef Krips conducted a concert performance of the opera *Die Aegyptische Helena,* which Strauss completed in 1926, shortly before the death of his collaborator Hofmannsthal. The concert was an enthralling experience.

All too often, thought about late Strauss stops with the mere observation, 'Strauss has no new ideas'. Properly, thought should start there. The demand for 'new' ideas, in the narrowest melodic or harmonic sense, is typical of our century. Musicians of an earlier age would have found it incomprehensible. It is true that *Die Aegyptische Helena* relies for all its imagery on the earlier Strauss operas; but the centre of interest has shifted from the local event to the large-scale design, and here the invention is, if anything, more vital than ever. The 'new' ideas in *Die Aegyptische Helena* are formal developments on many levels, and not simply quotable melodic or harmonic figures. Because they *are* ideas and not mere routine, one's attention is held throughout.

Krips's performance of *Die Aegyptische Helena* was an extraordinary demonstration of mastery. His talent is essentially operatic. In humble service of the music, the drama and the fine singers (who were audibly inspired by him) Krips lived through, and acted out, every fibre of Strauss's score. This, I suspect, is a Krips whom England barely knows; and I cannot think of another living conductor who could equal the performance he gave. He must certainly repeat – ideally with the same cast, headed by Ingeborg Borkh, Fritz Uhl and Teresa Stich-Randall. If that does not happen, the future of *Die Aegyptische Helena* looks dark, for it is not a score that would survive a workaday performance.

Under Krips, the Wiener Philharmoniker sounded like a very fine orchestra. Under Joseph Keilberth, in Pfitzner's cantata *Von Deutscher Seele,* it did not. Composed six years after his masterpiece, *Palestrina, Von Deutscher Seele* was for Pfitzner a major statement. Today, it is hard to take in the spirit in which it was written. For one thing, Pfitzner's technique is not always equal to his lofty aims, and without the strong modal harmony and open textures which were inspired by the subject of *Palestrina,* he often falters. Those would-be triumphant bursts of C major do not resolve a clearly ordered harmonic tension. It is a triumph without an adversary. Lacking the pre-classical supports of *Palestrina,* the polyphony is laboured, the rhythm sluggish in slow passages, and the orchestration downright ineffective. Clumsiness is a part of Pfitzner's personality, and if, with due exercise of sympathy, one perseveres, there are many rewards, especially in the final *Lieder*-section. But after hearing a work of this kind, one turns with gratitude to the rich musicality of *Die Aegyptische Helena.*

If *Von Deutscher Seele* is fated to be a museum-piece, then Varèse's *Arcana* for full orchestra may have a similar destiny, and it could well be placed in the same glass case. Composed in 1927 and given one of its very rare performances at the Vienna ISCM festival, *Arcana* belongs to the type of modernism that most enraged Pfitzner; yet fundamentally it is as romantic, as simple-hearted, and as genuine as *Von Deutscher Seele.* The orchestral writing is better, but the ideas are more derivative, and the formal activity ultimately helpless. Ancient monuments both, one salutes them only for what

Iris Murdoch

1954 Under the Net 1956 The Flight from the Enchanter

1957 The Sandcastle 1958 The Bell

1961 A Severed Head

4th Impression printing

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CHATTO & WINDUS

they once represented: a sense of mission.

The last orchestral concert of the Vienna ISCM Festival ended with Messiaen's *Chronochromie* for orchestra. After hearing an inadequate tape-recording of this work some months ago, I had the impression that the score might prove to be of central importance. But the two performances I heard at Vienna obscured the whole issue beyond all hope of clarification (for no score is yet available). What one heard – as opposed to what Messiaen may have written – came as near to nonsense as makes no matter. Apart from that, there is nothing that can honestly be said until there is a chance to begin again.

Delinquent Dane

V. S. PRITCHETT

There are one or two novelties in the Oxford Playhouse *Hamlet* at the Strand, but the play drags and is bleakly staged. One crucial fact is overlooked. No one would for one moment gather from the performance of the King and Queen that there was something fundamentally rotten in the state of Denmark or that Elsinore was a corrupt court. On the contrary, one saw a pair of amorous middle-aged parents puzzled by a delinquent son who had had a lot of money spent on his education. The hopeful novelty lay in Jeremy Brett's fast, athletic interpretation of Hamlet before the first interval. One's first reaction was to exclaim 'Teddy Boy': he was all agility, restlessness, impertinence. He twirled. He jumped about the stage. He was everywhere. But soon he began to look like the young Chatterton carrying a picture of his death-bed in his heart. He had exhausted himself, he just hadn't the stamina and revived only for a moment in the duel scene at the end. One saw Hamlet's mind and lines thrown out of the window; and surely Hamlet's mind is the whole play. The actor had also picked up something from Olivier or Gielgud in the speaking of long vowels and reduced it to mannerism. So much for the naturalistic treatment of Shakespeare. Other novelties were a ghost that roared, an Ophelia who had a sweet voice but who looked sly when she was sane and barmy when she was mad. She nursed Hamlet's rapier and carried it about like an unmarried mother who couldn't find the Foundling Hospital. Polonius appeared as a slow and heavy wiseacre strayed in from another play.

The first of the new Sunday night performances at the Arts was *Deathwatch* – Genet's *Huis Clos*. The French title, *Haute Surveillance*, conveys an idea of hierarchy and dominion which are always his subject and which the English title misses. A one-act piece, it is compact and forceful. I think it superior to *The Blacks* because it is about a milieu he knows well – prison: the dialogue is real even when it is hysterical. Two prisoners are torturing each other with homosexual jealousy as they circle round a strangler who is in the cell with them, and whom they admire because he has murdered and will probably die. The play – produced by Ronald Hayman – was remarkable for brilliant performances by Jon Rollason and David Andrews. The illiterate strangler, Philip Locke, had to carry off Genet's half pretentious, half poetic-mystical speculations about power and was unable to dominate. I do not blame him. Genet's criminal psychology is interesting; his metaphysic is beyond me and, I suspect, beyond him.

Portrait of Modigliani

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Jacques Becker is one of the great names. The trouble is that so often there was just not enough to support the name. After *Casque d'Or,* masterpieces were to be expected; what came was a decline. Not till his last film, *Le Trou,* was his talent again fully asserted.

Becker's decline, however, has its huge compensations. *The Lovers of Montparnasse* (1958), now at the Cameo-Poly, tells the tragic story of Modigliani - or some of it – and is, as we might expect, passionately on the side of the painter and of painting. Like Van Gogh, whom he worshipped, he could not escape martyrdom, though he tried hard to be devil rather than saint; he had his Theo in an art dealer Zborovsky; journeying south, he stayed indoors; sex, drugs and drink were the response to tuberculosis.

Not all this comes out in the film, nor the fact - of some importance – that he was Jew. Gérard Philipe plays the part, as Gérard Philipe. We find Modigliani in his thirties, with no inkling of what may have gone before, roving the Paris night bars, belabouring a mistress, incapable of paying his rent, but returning to the pure elongation of those portraits stacked in a corner. It takes some time for us to relate Philipe's performance, one of his best, to the pictures we know: a few sketches in cafés and glimpses of the model aren't enough. The beginning, therefore, is somewhat vague in its intensities and attachments. But with the trip south, on doctor's orders, his long-necked girl following, the drama and the painting come into focus. The love affair is the more touching for that moment when he comes home drunk to his mistress (Anouk Aimée), and walks past her to take up a brush before the unfinished painting on the easel; and the culminating irony of a life ironically beset is reached when an unscrupulous art dealer, who has let him starve while he was alive, seizes the opportunity of his death to intrude and make his grab of the best pictures before news of his death has leaked out. The latter half of the film triumphs, although, as I've said, much has been left out: Modigliani's own image, the intensity of work, drugs and the disease that killed him, the past and a baby and his woman flinging herself from the window after he's gone. But among films of painters this deserves a high place.

Why have we never had a film of an English painter - of Hogarth, say, or Sickert? Merely to ask the question is to bring up the limitations of British film-making. These are currently revealed in *Flame in the Streets* (Odeon), one of those well-meant, earnestly tailored pieces about life as it is in the headlines. The subject is certainly with us: our under-the-counter colour bar. At the moment there is a move to banish Negro drivers and conductors from London buses, on the grounds that the wages mean more to them than to their white colleagues and so tend to queer the pitch for wage claims! Ted Willis, working from his own stage play, has attacked the colour problem with huge zeal. There is not a scene or a word spoken that doesn't bear on the white-black clash; and this thoroughness, allied with a stolid dramaturgy, gives the pressing problem an old-fashioned look. John Mills is efficient as a trade-union secretary who stands for Negro rights till they touch his daughter; Ann Lynn lends conviction to a mixed marriage that isn't all roses; and Earl Cameron as the Negro in dispute tempers nobility with nerves. Guy Fawkes Night makes for a lively climax, but even here the guy flung on the bonfire must have a black face.

Arne Sucksdorff's *The Flute and the Arrow* (Continentale) leaves Sweden for the aborigines in India, the Muria. They grow rice, keep goats, live amicably in villages, and dread not merely tiger and leopard but the devils taking the shape of these marauders. Much of the film is taken up with a prowling leopard and the attempt to trap it: a grand hunt and kill ensue. Landscape and life have been beautifully visualised, but the story has too much artifice, exaggerating the remoteness of the whole piece. Fascinating though it is to the eye, one can't help feeling that it misses the revelation of Sucksdorff's Swedish films, whether in forest or town. To be a discoverer, one needn't go far.

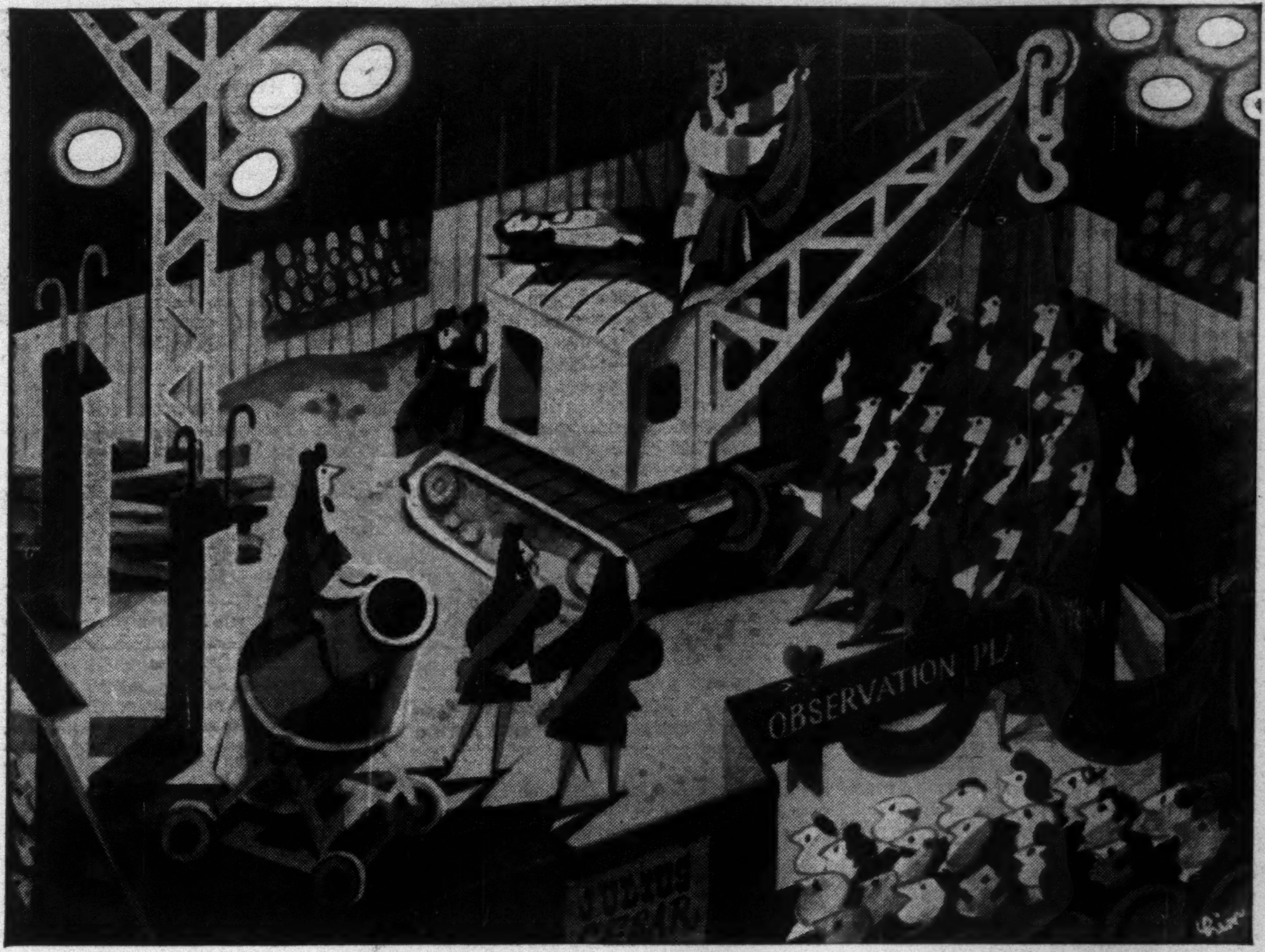
Near Miracle

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

I shall hear to my dying day the explosion which would have burst from Lords if Tony Lock had held that catch at 1.31 p.m. on Tuesday. For an hour, some 15,000 people, hoping for a miracle, had had to watch Barrington give up without trying a stroke, watch Lock scrape and prod, and see only Murray and Statham play like cricketers. Resigned lassitude seeped over the ground. Then, just after half past twelve, the Australians came out to glean the 69 runs needed for victory in the Second Test.

Statham's opening over was typical – very fast and so accurate that the batsmen had to play at every ball. Indeed, in his first three overs only one went through to the wicket-keeper and that was a catch. Then Trueman's first ball struck the pitch half way down, soared over McDonald at a height not even a tennis player could have reached, Murray saved a probable six byes with a gibbon's leap and pint pots on their way to mouths outside the Tavern were arrested about chest high. But, as McDonald got himself a single and England added him a bonus of four overthrows, as he stroked another four and as Lawrie looked at ease, drinking was resumed and hopeful chatter died away. Then Trueman sent down a rising one just outside the leg stump and McDonald turned it fast and swinging away from Illingworth's left hand. Somehow, Illingworth held it. 15 for 1. The buzz from that was still on when Lawrie snicked a riser from Statham. 15 for 2. This does not mean a thing, we said. The Australians bat down to number eleven. But at least we're going down fighting. Then intent silence. 19 for 2 and wonder-boy O'Neill is facing Statham. Statham runs smoothly to the wicket, swings his whole body behind the ball and O'Neill is minus a stump. 19 for 3. Can it really happen? A moment later, Harvey snicks at Trueman. The whole ground is alight. 19 for 4. It *can* happen!

Lords is now a football ground, with every ball anticipated with swelling excitement, and hailed with 'Ooh's' and 'Ah's'. But Burge and Simpson hold fast against the barrage and the score slowly mounts until we are at the last ball before lunch. Statham bowls just outside the leg stump and Burge, mistiming, hits it



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ΜΕΓΑΡΟΝ
ΗΕΤ·ΜΕΓΑΡΟΝ

REPORT ON DRAMA. The amalgamation of S.H.R.O.U.D.S. and the Foglamps resulted in a successful year, although a modern English play by Schwesker, translated into Rumanian and acted on the circular staircase of the 13th century Tower of All Spirits by 12 bus conductors chosen and rehearsed at random, did not get good notices. "If a play is basically something to be seen it must be seen." Accepting this principle, Stükl adapted his version of the Old King Cole story, with its chorus of junior astronomers dressed as nuns, to a specially constructed inverted dome on infra-red telescope lines. Later in the year, deliberately choosing a theatre which was not a theatre, the committee courageously hired, for its *Julius Cæsar* in Old Pretender costume, the building site for the new Budds and Hocking Central Stores. "What we liked about it was that the setting was really *used*," said the *New Schweppsman*. If it seemed natural to the actor saying rhubarb to sit on a concrete mixer when he said it he sat on it.

Future plans are many. Already in rehearsal is the new anonymous drama with its famous television-watching scene set in a nurses home. Though post-sink in tempo, the costumes are Aegean in flavour. Indeed even the director is wearing archipelagic clothes based on recent excavations.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH from the splice in a gentle parabola about ten yards to Lock's right. Lock, expecting a fierce hook, is back on his heels and so loses a fraction of the three seconds in which the ball remains in the air; but, while the crowd chokes, he swoops and dives, gets both hands miraculously underneath – yet can't quite close them. That roar, bursting up through every throat, dies away in a long, sad sigh.

Tennis for Me

DAN JACOBSON

I had expected the first day of Wimbledon to be rather a smart, formal affair, but it wasn't; it was merely suburban. Even the centre-court building looked like nothing so much as an inflated suburban crematorium or funeral parlour: all black and sepulchral in hue, except where the walls were hung with ivy. And what struck me most about the audience was simply how large a proportion of it was made up of middle-aged women, in shiny dresses and shiny hats. Hunting for the gentry; football for the industrial proletariat; rugby for the Welsh and the public schools; and tennis, it is clear, for people like myself and these two robust and ornamented women who sat next to me on the train to Wimbledon, and who discussed in loud voices the politics of their local tennis club and the friends they hoped to meet in the course of the afternoon.

Perhaps Wimbledon becomes smarter as the games go on and the competition grows keener and the crowds grow thicker: on the first day there was plenty of room for everyone, the crowd was placid, and the play was relaxed. None of the seeded players had any difficulty in overwhelming their opponents; indeed, the favourites for the men's finals, Laver and Fraser, two earnest, unsmiling Australians, did little more than exercise themselves against, respectively, a handsome Russian and a crew-cut Texan. Laver's deep drives were by far the swiftest things to be seen during the afternoon, and Fraser's service was sinuous and potent; both Australians were content to play pretty much from the base-line, no doubt because they were so little extended by their opponents. All the other players, without exception, adopted the serve-and-volley style which has made championship tennis so oddly nervous and staccato a game to watch. On another court Pietrangeli cheerfully clowned his way through an encounter with a slightly irritated Indian; before their game was finished the rain came down and everybody went for shelter.

When it stopped raining, the covers were rolled up and the play started once more. So too did the rain, a little while later. During the second bout of rain I took shelter in the bookstall, where I was surrounded by schoolgirls in uniforms of different colours, all of them buying photographs of their heroes. Unfairly, the picture of the handsome Russian was much more in demand than that of his less photogenic victor. The last game I watched was between a bearded Dane and yet another dour Australian; as it happened, the man sitting next to me was also bearded and also, as it happened, a Dane. When I asked whether all Danes wore beards these days, he seemed put out; and would not continue our conversation. Then it started raining yet again, and the first day of Wimbledon was over.

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Fond Farewells

ROGER GELLERT

The germ of *Bye Bye Birdie* (Her Majesty's) might have produced a very diverting lightweight musical; in the event, it has turned out quite an engaging ruin of one, for the memory of *The Sound of Music* makes it seem, with all its faults, a marvel of wit and vivacity. But the faults are considerable. A piece of contemporary myth furnishes the starting-point: the drafting into the American Army of a current god of Rock 'n' Roll, it needs no sideburns to tell us who. As a final publicity stunt, Conrad Birdie's agent has arranged for him to plant a farewell kiss, at a railway station in the sticks, on a teenager of the local Conrad Birdie fan-club. The lot falls on one Kim MacAfee, and here the plot thickens – or at least it should, but instead it dwindles, splutters and fizzles. Conrad is socked on the jaw, in front of TV cameras, by Kim's angry boy-friend; recovers, goes off to have a mild jive with the fan-club, is thought by the town parents to be leading an orgy, and is at last smuggled out of town in a Charley's Aunt disguise.

The 'human' interest is vested in his agent (Peter Marshall), a weak young man torn between an emotionally blackmailing Mom (Angela Baddeley) and a tough, practical girl-friend. Mom is a splendid monster of self-pity, bludgeoning sonny-boy with calculated martyrdom ('Just throw me out with the used grapefruits!'); dragging herself around in rich furs, senseless shoes and an unspeakable pink dress, Angela Baddeley is delicious ham. But the triangle is not otherwise very amusing, in spite of the powerful fact that the down-trodden girl-friend is played by Chita Rivera. It is hard to picture this latterday Carmen as a frustrated secretary, but that is what she is required to be. Miss Rivera is sadly wasted, despite her lovely crispness, except for three gratuitous set-pieces in which she (i) has fantasies about murdering the boy-friend, (ii) sexually disrupts a gathering of Shriners, and (iii) sends up the old *Olé* nonsense. These are bravura moments, which only emphasise the aimlessness of the rest, especially after half-time. One is left with a lot of frenzied to-and-fro, and some pleasant, mainly undistinguished music and dancing. The teenager numbers are the best, if your nerves can stand yapping young voices. There is a superb teenage-telephoning tableau, the Conrad Birdie fan-songs ('Normal American Boy,' etc.) are very funny indeed, and Marty Wilde as Birdie, dressed in one of a series of outrageous fetishist costumes, does very well in a mass-hysteria demonstration called 'Sincerity'. Of the other performers, Sylvia Tysick ('Anybody's' of *West Side Story*) is sweetly pubescent as Kim, Robert Nichols ('How dare you say Puberty to your own Father!') suitably frenetic as her Pop.

Already known in some circles as 'Bye Bye, Binkie', the new Tennent revue *On the Avenue* (Globe) will probably be off the avenue by the time this notice appears; if not, I shall be delighted to knock another tin-tack into its coffin. It is a singular example of how to be old-world without a vestige of charm. Tepidly snobbish, feebly filthy, its shrill efforts at sophistication could hardly amuse or shock anyone with a mental age of over 10 or a physical age of under 80. In essence it is deeply spinsterish; every time anyone mentions sex, vice or sin (the three appear to be synonymous at the Globe), which they do with obsessional regularity, it is so overcome with its own naughtiness that it has to take refuge in blackout, the revue equivalent of a blush. About two-thirds of the way through there is a very embarrassing 'serious' song called 'Ballad of the Sad Young Men'; their trouble, it seems, is that they are growing older without growing up. I suggest that the erstwhile gay young men of Tennents give some thought to this problem, so that they may hesitate in future to inveigle people as talented as gorgeous, galumphing Beryl Reid into this sort of fiasco.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,636 Set by L. G. Udall

Evidence in a divorce case is reported to have included a photograph of a man and a woman lying unclothed on a sofa. Competitors are invited to consider themselves as one of the couple and (in 150 words) to provide an explanation of the innocence of the situation. Entries by 11 July.

Result of No. 1,633 Set by Stephen Spender

Readers are asked for extracts from the stream of interior monologue (in the manner of Stephen Dedalus or the Blooms) going on in the head of one of the following while he is walking to his customary place of work: Harold Macmillan, Professor A. J. Ayer, Kingsley Martin, Sir Charles Snow, Antony Armstrong-Jones.

Report

Makes one wonder who best candidate. Evidently must have rich stream of referential material in consciousness plus immediate responsiveness to stimuli of external phenomena encountered. Many competitors conjectured that sight of blood relatives triggers off associations with familial past while contemporaneously setting into operation demoting promoting mechanism for cabinet post in head of Harold Macmillan. Comparatively speaking poverty of material in subconscious of Antony Armstrong-Jones, apart from nursery associations with 'potty' reminiscent of Molly Bloom. Oddly enough or perhaps not so oddly, entry by Miles Burrows would suggest interior monologue of A. J. Ayer almost indistinguishable from thinking linguistic philosophy, with a little Arsenal thrown in. Several candidates were tempted by opportunities of satire away from aim of exercise. Some strayed into *Finnegans Wake*. Kingsley Martin provoked obvious gibes at subsequent reign of King John and Queen Charon. One guinea each to the entries printed. Runner-up Paul Crompton.

HAROLD MACMILLAN

. . . and now this awful Common Basket affair Basket why did I say that but eggs have to go somewhere even if they are Polish why dont they eat them I wonder its the American and Russian eggs Im afraid of dont want any dumping of those oh what a life why didnt I plump for publishing might have made an honest name for myself written books perhaps for children thats the idea Harold in Blunderland no thats too familiar well then The Family at Number Ten Street but I seem to have heard that somewhere too oh how hard it is to be original when you lead by following curious though I mean its not as if I had to think out a policy or anything the Yankees fix all that so why do I get these wrinkles can I really look like the March Hare I wonder . . .

J. A. LINDON

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Kingsley Martin slits open the wrapper of his STATESMAN *sent direct to Salonika* . . . Must whip up custom here. Sub-title 'Athenaeum' again? Or Freeman's Journal? Front page powerful if not plain manifesto. Final end of Christiansen. Hardcastle bad show. Get Williams back. Vicky subdued since I.

Who is Charon
What is he?

Can't do Diary like. Won't be collectedbookthirtyyears. Good zip story. But old. New feature – VIPs with ZIPs? Prize for best. Paste on postcard. Verify. Steel adverts. Agenbite of inwit? Must. Competitions good stuff, but prizemoney cut lately. Print more entriescompensate? Crossword winners scattered: Jerusalem, Vienna, London. Good for circ. No monkcartoonbadtaste. Niky??? Better than Feiffer. Not go back office after all.

He boards the plane for Antananarivo.

A. M. ROBERTSON

A. J. AYER

Arsenal draw. If only I'd posted pools . . . meaningless speculate apodosis unfulfilled football coupon . . . Not why lecture but how lecture. Give utterance. Make noise about noises. How do you mean 'what do you mean "how do you mean 'truth'"' said jesting. Always wanted to be cowboy: throw inverted commas like lassos. Sell logic: three-value is better value: buy now, save ambiguity. Mind bus. Never mind, mind, mind how you go. Pretty ankles. Meaningful glance? If meaningful then. Silence! (falsity and unreason). Must judge values: must value judgment. Twopenny please . . . (imperative?) public language on public transport. Appropriate change, verifiable in experience. Thank you (performative, or laryngeal reflex?). Willingly to Schools. Today talk about 'Talking about "About"'. Dissolve pseudo-problems. Instant solvent. I win language game and match set-theory. Privately prefer meta-football. Ideal game. Ideal? Not a word. Party manners. Be on your best behaviourism.

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TAURUS

A negative, valuable function of bureaucratic economists is to jump smartly on the traditional fallacies which any layman in power, from clerical officer to Prime Minister, is likely to translate into action. Their positive function, to draw up long-term plans and interpret the general into the particular, has been allowed to atrophy during the Fifties, and, when it comes to short-term decisions, economists are faced with the same ambiguous statistics as investors. Like investors, they are forced to act on intelligent hunches.

The trouble about hunches is that they are liable to swing with the fashion. Here, as in America, the money-conscious section of the community is growing and is dragging the economists and the politicians along to share the natural moodiness of the stock market. This moodiness is autonomous. In the US, for example, though production is now rising fast, the Administration is pushing down interest rates, raising its expenditure, and seeking to cut taxes: Wall Street is gloomy. Here, where production has just shown the first glimmer of an inclination to rise, the government is already talking about increases in taxation and cuts in public expenditure: Throgmorton Street is more than gloomy. The market has risen far and fast. It has good reason – and an increasing part of the community now have reason to identify their interests with the market – to be more concerned with its own state than with the state of the economy.

BRITISH BATTLES SERIES

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B·A·T·S·F·O·R·D

Equities are falling, gilt-edged are falling: Mr Lloyd is in for trouble whatever he does. If he does nothing while sterling remains weak and prices rise, he will be called soft: if he introduces any restriction, he will be accused of abandoning the growth idea which he smuggled into the *Economic Survey*. The trouble, from the City point of view, is his habit of playing down the immediate problem, for which measures of great interest to the City are likely to be adopted, in favour of long-term problems, for which the government appears to have no solution but complicated, important negotiations with Europe and with the US. The government is trying hard, of course, to look virile and undogmatic: industry, having had its decade of freedom, is beginning to demand long-term planning of the economy, and the Treasury is thinking of action against specific bottlenecks instead of comfortable, general restrictions. Even the market in property shares faltered the other day on the rumour, unsubstantiated but symptomatic, that the insurance companies had been officially requested to go easy on the financing of unnecessary commercial building.

On the external side, the government seems to have taken a few good ideas from Washington. On the one hand, it is allowing Grandma to play both with the IMF and with Basle, an agreement which the French have been willing to see extended only because they would like decisions which affect the West as a whole to be taken in Europe, and preferably in Paris. On the other hand, despairing of a quick increase in the balance of visible trade, it is taking a fresh look at invisibles. It is difficult to see what Mr Lloyd can do quickly to improve the earnings of oil, or shipping, or insurance. But he can certainly cut down – 'we are trying to do too much' – on overseas military expenditure and, to some extent, on aid. These things were until recently an untouchable part of the British way of life. It will not be long before it is polite to mention things which even Mr Lloyd has evaded until now – the size of private investment in the white countries of the Commonwealth and the cost of interest payments on foreign holdings of sterling.

* * *

If the old shibboleths are being tucked away, it is because the possibility of joining the European Economic Community makes them seem old-fashioned: the government, like a bankrupt entranced with the chance of putting off his old wife and marrying an heiress, can think of nothing else. The messengers are going off this week – Mr Hare the agriculturalist to Africa, Mr Thorneycroft, well out of the way of invidious comparisons, to Asia, Mr Sandys, the official liquidator, to Australasia and Canada. Canada will be the most difficult stop of all, because the Canadian dream of breaking away from the US and building up manufacturing industry – a dream which has now produced a bill to remove from office for outspokenness the Governor of the central bank – rests precariously on the potentialities of the UK market. The announcement that the Canadian dollar was to be devalued came immediately after Mr Jacobsson's reassuring statement that no major currency changes were in the offing. But the Canadian dollar floats, and a lower level of float against the US dollar is a tactical rather than a strategical decision which almost everyone, exporters particularly, has been urging for years.

Company News

The price of tin, and of tin shares, reached a new peak when the buffer stock ran out of supplies: the immediate outlook for both, being speculative, is uncertain, the long-term outlook is good.

Transatlantic links are being forged all over the place: while *British Drug Houses*, having fought off Fisons with a contraceptive pill, is selling a third of its equity to the US *Metercal* firm in exchange for new capital, *Courtaulds* is acquiring a 4 per cent interest and a trading agreement with *Koppers*, which will help to take it out of fibres and into chemicals in the US; and *General Electric* has signed up with a Los Angeles firm for the marketing of its computers in Britain and the Commonwealth.

British Motor has still to make up its mind about Borgward, the German motor company. The company, being in financial difficulties, was taken over by Bremen City Council earlier this year and Dr Borgward, the founder, was given an option to reacquire if he could find adequate financial backing. British Motor has already looked over the works and Dr Borgward has now sent his legal adviser over here: his option, though it could probably be extended, expires this week.

Army & Navy is bidding £350,000 for the Hampstead store, Thomas White.

United Steel has further depressed the market in steel shares with an interim statement which reports a sharp fall in profit margins and hints that there is worse to come.

Richardsons Westgarth, having already forecast a bad year, has passed its final dividend altogether.

And *Cunard*, assured of public finance for a new Queen, has now secured permission to compete with a publicly-owned air service on the North Atlantic route.

Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

Din means brass; and the sound of jet engines is no doubt sweet music to the airline operator. We are all much more tolerant of noise we create ourselves than we are of other people's rackets. Children, dogs, horses on cobblestones and street criers are all noisy; but science gets much of the blame for having made possible present-day noise generators, whether Diesel engines in the High Street or transistor radios in the Park. 'Why don't the scientists do something about suppressing noise?' is a grumble heard for many a year. Yet, wave a wand and make all the noisy implements of modern technology vanish, and the howls of the outraged public would drown thunder; or set about systematically muffling all noise to extinction, and the capital expenditure would ruin us. There is positively no hope that someone will hit on a paint or an aerosol or any other kind of magical noise-suppressant – noise is just not like that.

So what *can* the scientists do? The best thing will be clear-cut information for lawmakers and machine-makers alike to help them determine when a noise becomes a nuisance. But that has proved to be one of the most awkward riddles you could ever set a scientist.

Two physicists from Delft, C. W. Kosten and G. J. van Os, have summed up the difficulties in a paper at this week's conference on the Control of Noise organised by the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington. Whether or not a specific individual will complain about the noise conditions to which he is exposed depends, they explain, on quite a number of circumstances. They pick out some of the most important ones, paraphrased as follows.

First, there are the characteristics of the noise itself, such as its pressure level (measured in decibels); the way the noise is distributed over the audible range of frequencies; whether there are any pure tones to be heard; whether the noise is interrupted; and whether the noise has an impulsive character (as we would say, is it a bang?). Then there are the characteristics of the environment – suburban, urban, industrial – and the characteristics of the individual. A variety of miscellaneous factors also matter. Could the noise have been avoided? Does it contain information, as speech and music do? Does it invoke unpleasant associations, such as fear of aircraft? Is the individual connected with the source of noise – is it his own elevator, or the factory where he works? Has the individual become accustomed to the noise? Again, one must ask with what human activity the noise interferes, whether sleeping, reading, working, listening to the radio or television, or recreation.

'This impressive list of variables,' say the two Dutchmen, 'although being very far from complete, seems to dash all expectations of ever arriving at a scientific establishment of criteria.' Of course, if that were really so, the conference would never have been called. But notice how the measurement of a noise in decibels is only the start of a very complex inquiry. The discovery that a noise meter, expected at one time to cope with all questions about noise objectively, gives only very limited answers, has compelled acoustics experts to adopt a rather humble attitude in face of the problem.

It is perhaps a pity, as far as the cause of noise abatement is concerned, that there is rather little evidence that noise really 'drives you mad' or, below the worst levels, 'makes you deaf' or 'makes it impossible to work'. However, although the medical and psychological studies are extremely important, most thinking and research on noise control is directed towards identifying the level of noise at which a reasonable human being is likely to complain.

There is already a good deal known about this; and we can look forward to real progress against noise within the next few years. The form it will take is fairly predictable: a set of tables or graphs showing the maximum acceptable sound levels at each frequency for carefully specified situations, with remissions for noises which occur infrequently and severer restrictions on noises containing bangs or pure tones. There will be tables for suburban bedrooms, city offices, workshops and so on. Short of rebuilding our cities, the tables will not, of course, bring actual conditions down to the acceptable limits. But they will provide the guidance needed for legislators, builders, town planners and owners of machinery, if we are to arrest the swelling tide of noise and eventually turn it, so that our children, if not ourselves, may enjoy a quiet old age.

The Chess Board

No. 607. On a Razor's Edge

There is much to be said for a faultless positional struggle, almost faultless on both sides, except for one tiny positional weakness consistently exploited by the winning side. But the more obvious blunders, of course, tend to provide a rather more dramatic spectacle of the hell-for-leather sort of game with the outcome of the final clash precariously in the balance. Here (Deppe-Spohr 1960) is a case in point.

1) f4, e5; 2) fe:, d6; 3) ed:, Bd6: 4) Ktf3, Ktf6; 5) g3, Ktc6; 6) d4, Bf5; 7) Bg5, h6; 8) Bf6:, Qf6:; 9) c3, 0-0-0; 10) Ktd2 [It might have been safer to fianchetto the KB and to castle out of danger]. R(h)e8; 11) Qa4 [Ktc4 was hardly advisable on account of . . . Be4!], Bd3; 12) Kd1, Bf5; 13) Bg2, Qe7; 14) Re1, Qe3; 15) Ktg1, Kte5!: 16) Qa7:, c6; 17) Kth3, Ktd3; 18) Ktc4, Ktb2: ch!; 19) Ktb2:, Bb4!; 20) Bc6:, Rd4: ch? [In his notes Dr Deppe says that if Black had played . . . Bc2 ch!! he would have resigned at once. Now the tables are turned dramatically]; 21) Qd4:, Rd8; 22) Bb7: ch!, Kc7; 23) Bd5, resigns.

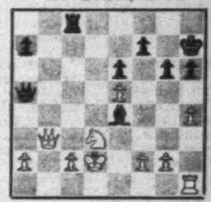
I was glad to learn that the winner of this game has backed his fancy for the From's Gambit by the offer of a DM 1,000 prize fund for some International Masters to test the opening in correspondence games. I'll be most interested to see the results, and while I cannot deny some reluctant appreciation of the preference for 'safe' openings in the fiercely competitive modern grandmaster practice, I can't help regretting that some of the more enterprising gambits, inevitably, get very few chances of being tested on the highest level. Take something as provocatively dubious (and yet interesting) as the Blackmar-Diemer Gambit and see how two Berlin amateurs (Wiemer-Winz) made the sparks fly.

1) d4, d5; 2) e4, de:; 3) Ktc3, Ktf6; 4) f3, ef:; 5) Ktf3:; e6; 6) Lc4, Le7; 7) 0-0, 0-0; 8) Qe2, c5; 9) Be3, a6; 10) R(a)d1, b5; 11) dc:, Qc7; 12) Bd3, Bc5:; 13) Ktg5 [If Black were content with . . . QKtd7 and continuing his development he might soon get positional equality and a chance to exploit his plus-pawn; but he can't resist the temptation of combinational adventure], Be3:; 14) Qe3:, Qh2: ch [Looks good, but the expected win of the exchange turns out to be illusory]; 15) Kh2:, Ktg4 ch; 16) Kg3, Kte3:; 17) Bh7: ch! [Turning the tables], Kh8; 18) Rf7:!!, Ktd7; 19) Rh1, Ra7; 20) Kt(c)e4, Rc7; 21) Bf5 ch, Kg8; 22) Rg7: ch!, Kg7:; 23) Rh7 ch, Kg8; 24) Be6: ch, Rf7; 25) Bf7: ch, Kf8; 26) Kte6 ch, Ke7 27) Bg8 ch, Ke8; 28) Ktd6 mate.

Finally (Diemer-Zaismann 1961) a recent game not without some theoretical interest:

1) d4 d5; 2) e4, de:; 3) Ktc3, Ktf6; 4) f3, Lf5 [This, followed up by Black's 7th was supposed to be the refutation of the gambit]; 5) fe:, Kte4:; 6) Qf3, Ktd6; 7) Bf4, Qc8; 8) Bd6:, cd:; 9) Bb5 ch, Bd7; 10) Kt(g)e2, a6; 11) 0-0, ab:; 12) Qf7 ch, Kd8; 13) Ktf4, Ktc6; 14) Ktb5:, K'a7; 15) c4, g6; 16) R(a)e1, Ktb5:; 17) ab:, Bf5; 18) Ktd5, Qc4; 19) Rc7:!, Bh6; (20) Rd7 ch, Bd7:; 21) Qf6 ch etc.

A: Geuss, 1960



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White blundered by Qb4. How was he punished? For 6 & 7 ladder-points both **B** and **C** are draws, and very neatly too. Usual prizes. Entries by 10 July.

B: A. S. Gurvitch, 1952: /1K3kB1/8/6p1/7R/8/4b3/8/6kt1/.

C: Leonid Kubbel, 1937: /6R1/4p3/8/4r3/3KPb2/8/1k2P3/8.

REPORT on No. 603. Set 2 June

A: 1) c5, Rh3 ch!; 2) Kg1, Rh1 ch; 3) Kf2, Rf1 ch etc.

B: 1) Ke1:, Rf1 ch; 2) Ke2, Re1 ch; 3) Kf3, Re3 ch; 4) Kg4, Re4 ch; 5) Kh5, Rh4 ch! (Re5 ch?); 6) Kg5, Rh5 ch; 7) Kg4!, Rh4 ch; 8) Kf3, Rf4 ch! (Rh3 ch?); 9) Ke2, Re4 ch; 10) Kd2, Rd4 ch; 11) Kc2! and wins.

C: 1) Bg8:, Kg8:; 2) Kf2, a3; 3) Kg3!, a2; 4) Kh4, a1(Q); 5) Kh5!, Qg1; 6) h4! etc.

Not so easy a lot, many stumped by **B.** Prizes: G. Abrahams, M. P. Furmston, H. Liebeck, A. G. Summers.

REPORT on No. 604. Set 9 June

A: Kte6! (threatening Qh7: ch etc).

B: 1) Kte7, Bc2; 2) Ktd5!, Be4; 3) Ktf6 ch etc. Or 1) . . . Bd1; 2) Ktc6!, Bf3; 3) Kte5 ch etc.

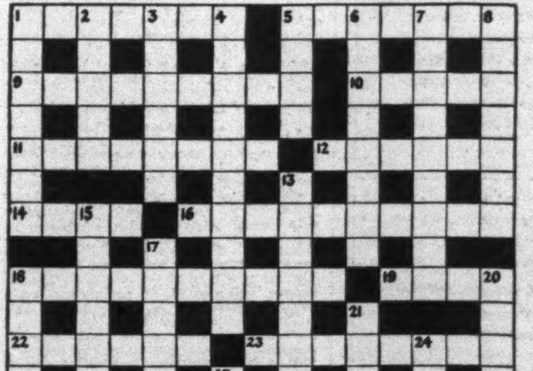
C: 1) Ra3!, Rg7; 2) Rh3 ch, Kg8; 3) Rg3! etc. Or 1) . . . Rg6; 2) d7! (Rh3 ch?), Rd6; 3) Ra7:, Kh6; 4) Ra6! etc.

An easy lot and plenty of correct solutions. Prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, R. C. Chaturvedi, S. N. Collings, C. Sansom, J. D. Taylor.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 464

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 464, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 11 July.



ACROSS

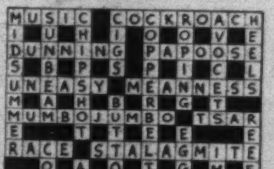
1. They are cruel as Hitler's men surrounding a district (7)
5. Escaping responsibility for the return of the number I rescue (7)
9. Substitute for a hat for the leading clergy? (9).
10. Professional in an article of clothing (5).
11. Providing fertility for man with universal symbol of marriage (8).
12. Ancient brain child (6).
14. Without me the tragic woman has discovered a means of death (4).
16. Organisation for arranging a dinner out (10).
18. Capable of gripping, disturbing her in sleep (10).
19. Sounds a lot but is the last word in humility (4).
22. 'A ministering angel shall my —— be' (*Hamlet*) (6).
23. Adventure era in flight (8).
26. Artist who has one at heart (5).
27. Hill hides a grouse about father (9)
28. Part of housewife's make-up not quite useless (7).
29. Sailors about to gain their objectives (7).

DOWN

1. Plotter finds the two of us among dons (7).
2. Water-course which finally holds water (5).
3. It is safe to look round the animal (6).
4. Piece of initial confusion (10).
5. Nymph in the chorus (4).
6. Plant holds a vessel like this (8).
7. One who disguises realities (9).
8. Material which makes a girl enthusiastic (7).
13. Youngster gets a rise without charity (10).
15. Agreeable place for an actor (9).
17. The base lead pets astray (8).
18. Civil servant the next stage in evolution? (7).
20. Urges publishers (7).
21. The top half of the basket is food (6).
24. 'For e'en though vanquish'd, he could —— still' (Goldsmith) (5).
25. Beat up one's own side (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 462



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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post. New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

VACANCIES FOR SENIOR CHILD WELFARE OFFICERS

(SALARY within range £940 – £1,300)

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL invites applications for positions of Senior Child Welfare Officer in the Children's Department. The persons appointed will supervise the work of five child welfare officers. Candidates must have had field experience of work with deprived children and their families, preferably in a supervisory capacity; possession of the Home Office Certificate or Certificate in Applied Social Studies an advantage. Application form (returnable by 15 July 1961) from Children's Officer (E.1/N/1699/6), County Hall, SE1.

CITY OF LEICESTER EDUCATION COMMITTEE

SENIOR EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGIST

Applications are invited for this appointment. Salary in accordance with Grade III of the Educational Psychologists' Scale.

The Senior Psychologist is in charge of the Authority's well established School Psychological Service, which functions jointly with the Child Guidance Unit. The Authority also maintains a Hostel for Maladjusted Children and a Day School for Maladjusted Children, which work in association with the Service.

The post is one offering much scope. The Service has a tradition of close co-operation with all social and educational agencies in the city. Referrals are received from a wide range of sources for diagnosis and treatment. Lecturing, training and advisory work is undertaken. Clerical staffing is generous.

Candidates should possess a degree in psychology, training for Child Guidance and experience in the field.

Further particulars and form of application may be obtained from the Director of Education, Newarke Street, Leicester. Completed applications should be returned to this office not later than 14 days from the appearance of this advertisement.

SOMERSET COUNTY COUNCIL

CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for two vacancies of Child Care Officer. Successful candidates will be appointed to either the Area Office at Taunton or Weston-super-Mare. Salary dependent upon qualifications and experience, on appropriate point on the Special Scale. Applicants holding the Home Office Child Care Certificate will commence at not less than £820 per annum. Ability to drive a car is essential and a car can be provided.

Letters of application giving age, qualifications, experience and previous appointments, together with the names and addresses of three referees, to be sent as soon as possible, to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Taunton.

Middlesbrough Education Committee

CATHEDRAL BOYS' CLUB

Applications are invited for the post of full-time YOUTH LEADER of the Cathedral (RC) Boys' Club. This is a voluntary Club but, by arrangement with the Club, the appointment of the Leader is to the staff of the Education Committee which is responsible for his salary and secures him the benefits of an appropriate Superannuation Scheme.

Salary:

- (i) For a Leader with approved qualifications, the Burnham Scale with the appropriate increments and an addition of £75.
- (ii) For a Leader without these qualifications, within the scale of £520 to £850.

Application form and further particulars may be obtained from the Director of Education, Woodlands Road, Middlesbrough, to whom the completed form should be returned by 15 July.

SHORTHAND-typists: Temporary. 10-5 p.m. £12. Clerks, temporary, 6s. per hour. MUSeum 6858.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CRANAGE HALL HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Senior Clinical Psychologist required for Cranage Hall Hospital, Holmes Chapel, and the Mary Dendy Hospital, Alderley Edge, Cheshire, with one session weekly at Offerton House, Stockport. The work is concerned with mentally subnormal patients of all grades and ages, and active industrial units, hostels for rehabilitation, and research projects are in operation. Outpatient work is being developed, and a unit for emotionally-disturbed children is under consideration. Good residential accommodation, suitable for a married person, is available at the Mary Dendy Hospital, which is within very easy reach of Manchester. Salary scale £1,025 – £1,425 per annum.

Applications stating essential particulars, should be sent to The Medical Director, Cranage Hall Hospital, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire.

ESSEX

County Youth Service

Applications are invited for the post of UNATTACHED YOUTH WARDEN for duties as required at the Committee's Youth Centres, and to assist particularly in the development of the service.

Candidates should hold a Degree, Social Science Certificate/Diploma or Teacher's Certificate, and must have had experience in Youth work or teaching.

Salaries in accordance with Grade II of the Committee's scales for full-time Wardens of Youth Centres, viz: £925 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,125 p.a. plus a non-pensionable travelling allowance of £40 p.a. The scale is subject to additions for training and graduate qualifications, if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salary Report conditions. Previous comparable experience will be taken into account in assessing the commencing salary. Assistance towards removal expenses in approved cases. Applications received in response to previous advertisement will be reconsidered.

Further details and application form obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date, 10 July 1961.

PART-time tutors in English required for Continental students. 15 hours weekly. Mornings. Denmark Hill, SE5, area. £4 14s. 6d. per week. Box 3970.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PENSION FUND MANAGER

The Managing Trustees of Remington Rand (Holding) Limited's Retirement Plan, in which three trading subsidiaries are participants, wish to appoint a manager and secretary for the Plan.

This is a creative and rewarding post at executive level offering, in addition to the administration of the Plan and its finances, scope for the counselling and guidance of staff members nearing retirement.

Applicants should have experience of administering pension funds and maintaining personnel records. A professional qualification such as accountant, company secretary, actuary or a legal training would be preferable.

Replies, stating age, experience, qualification and present salary should be sent to:

The Secretary, Remington Rand (Holding) Limited, Remington House, 65 Holborn Viaduct, London, EC1.

HM TRAINING PRISON, WAKEFIELD

The social work functions at this prison are being re-organised to include certain responsibilities at the adjacent Prison Service Staff College. Applicants are invited from progressively-minded social workers (men or women) who believe they can make a stimulating contribution to this work. Salary £835 (age 29 or over) and six annual increments to £1,025. Service as a probation officer and in certain other social welfare posts, credited for salary and superannuation purposes.

Further details and application forms (returnable by 15 July 1961) from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

WILTSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

Applications invited for resident post of Assistant Domestic Bursar/Assistant Secretary at Urchfont Manor Residential Adult College, to assist with household and office arrangements. Salary £575 x £20 to £635. A deduction of £145 for living in. Details from the Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr Devizes, Wilts. Closing date for applicns 14 days from the appearance of this advertisement.

HOUSEFATHER: MILE OAK APPROVED SCHOOL

This approved school for 80 boys has been organised into three houses and applications are invited for a position of Housefather, class 1. The main duties will include relieving and assisting the housemasters in organising and developing the home life of the boys. The post provides an excellent opportunity of gaining experience in approved school work and offers good prospects for a man with initiative and understanding of young boys' problems. Previous experience and/or Home Office Residential Child Care Certificate essential.

Salary £630 – £675 (UNDER REVIEW) plus £30 for Home Office Certificate, less £138 for board, lodging and laundry.

Apply to the Children's Officer, (SEDO/N/1673/6), London County Council, The County Hall, SE1.

HOUSEFATHER: WOOD VALE, NORWOOD, SE27

HOUSEFATHER, class 1, required for this large children's home accommodating children deprived of a normal home life. The main duties will include assisting in organising and developing the home life of a 'house' of 36 boys. This post offers considerable scope for a man with initiative interested in youth activities. Previous experience essential. Salary £630 – £675 (UNDER REVIEW), plus £30 for Home Office Certificate, less £138 for single accommodation, lodging and laundry. Annual leave four weeks including Bank Holidays. Apply to the Children's Officer, (SDO/N/1674/6), London County Council, The County Hall, SE1.

ASSISTANT TO WARDEN

(male – resident)

wanted for a working boys' hostel in Clapham. A sense of humour, patience and an aptitude for encouraging leisure time activities desirable; understanding of and sympathy with the needs of adolescent boys essential.

Commencing salary up to £590 per annum according to experience, less £138 for board, lodging and laundry. Single accommodation only. 4 weeks leave a year, including Bank Holidays.

Apply Mr J. Sheppard, (WDO/N/1796/6), Ingleton House, Rectory Grove, SW4, either in writing or by phone. (MAC. 6906).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AMERICA

Mrs James Davis (ACCS),
Principal
THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY,
RICKMANSWORTH AND
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA.

is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

VACATION WORK IN LONDON

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NORA JEFFERIES BUREAU LTD,
89 FLEET ST, LONDON, EC4.
FLE. 5919.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, New Zealand. Lecturer, Visiting Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in History. Applications are invited for two vacant positions in the Department of History and Political Science. Appointments may be made to the grade of (i) Lecturer, (ii) Visiting Lecturer or (iii) Assistant Lecturer in History. A special interest in British and European social history in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and a willingness to research in New Zealand history would be desirable but are not essential. A Permanent Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer will be expected to undertake research but research opportunities will also be given to a Visiting Lecturer. The salary for a Lecturer will be at the rate of £1,250 p.a., rising in the case of a Permanent Lecturer to £1,700 p.a., and will commence at a rate in accordance with qualifications and experience. The salary for an Assistant Lecturer will be at the rate of £900 p.a., rising to £1,100 p.a. An allowance is made towards travel and removal expenses for a Permanent Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer and towards return fares for a Visiting Lecturer. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 July 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, New Zealand. Lecturer in Philosophy. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position in the Department of Philosophy. The appointee will be required to teach Philosophy and Logic. It is essential that he should be able to teach Formal and Philosophical Logic at all levels and be prepared to make the teaching of these subjects his special concern. Salary will be at the rate of £1,250 p.a., rising to £1,700 p.a.; commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travel and removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 August 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, New Zealand. Lecturer in Classics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position in the Department of Classics. The appointee will be required to lecture on both Greek and Latin authors and share in the tutorial work of the department at all levels. Other things being equal, preference will be given to a candidate with qualifications in classical philology. The salary range will be £1,250 per annum rising to £1,700 per annum. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travel and removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 August 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, New Zealand. Lecturer in French. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position in the Department of Modern Languages. Applicants should be Honours graduates in French of some British Commonwealth or foreign university, preferably with special interests and qualifications in the medieval and Renaissance period. The appointee will be required to teach Linguistics and Literature (with some Philology). The salary will be at the rate of £1,250 per annum, rising to £1,700 per annum; commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travel and removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 15 September 1961.

HOUSEMISTRESS required September, boarding school 100 girls. Academic qualifications, teaching or administrative experience desirable. Salary from £800. Apply Principal, West Heath, Sevenoaks.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Applications are invited for the following positions: Lectureship in Italian: Applicants, whose mother-tongue must be Italian, should be Honours graduates of an Italian university who have specialised in the study of language and literature. Preference will be given to graduates interested in taking up postgraduate work in the field of comparative Italian-English studies. The appointment will be initially for a period of three years, but may be extended by mutual agreement. All courses conducted by the Lecturer will be given in Italian. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in Italian: Applicants, whose mother-tongue must be English, should hold an Honours degree in Italian Language and Literature and have had postgraduate experience in Italy. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,550 x 95 – £3,000 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,730 x 105 – £2,435 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustments will be allowed (at present £A42 p.a.). The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 14 August 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in Classical Archaeology. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The salary scale for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,550 x 95 – £3,000 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,730 x 105 – £2,435 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustments will be allowed (at present £A42 p.a.). The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 11 August 1961.

MAKERERE University College – East Africa. Applications are invited for the appointment of Secretary to the Secretary of Makerere College. A high standard of shorthand typing plus administrative ability is required. Salary scale: £840 – £1,176 p.a., entry point determined by qualifications and experience. FSSU. Child allowance £50 p.a. per child (max. £150 p.a.). Passages on appointment, termination and leave (three months every 21 months). Rent according to quarters provided £45-£84 p.a., (including basic furniture). Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees as soon as possible to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester Applications are invited for the Chair of Medieval History. Duties to commence as soon as possible. Salary not less than £2,600 per annum Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications (twenty copies), giving full details of qualifications, publications, experience, etc, and the names and addresses of at least three persons to whom reference may be made, should be sent not later than 15 July 1961 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Overseas candidates may submit one copy of their application.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Industrial Relations in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. Salary on a scale £1,050 to £1,850 per annum, initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 15 July 1961 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Liverpool. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Social Science. The duties of the post will include participation in the teaching of students training to be child care officers. Candidates should have experience in local authority Children's Departments. Salary scale range £1,050-£1,850 per annum plus membership of FSSU and Child Allowances. Initial salary within this range according to age, qualifications and experience. Applications, quoting Reference CV/NS, stating age, qualifications and experience, should be received not later than 14 July 1961, by the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

WOMAN architect married to journalist, 3 daughters (2 at University), needs first-class resident cook housekeeper from September to run hectic but interesting home on Hampstead Heath. 5½ day week, 2 rooms, central heating, h. & c., cooker. Box 3957.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NORTHAMPTON College of Advanced Technology, St John Street, London, EC1. Department of Social and Industrial Studies. Owing to expansion in the work of the Department additional lecturing staff will be required from September 1961, or as soon as possible thereafter. Candidates for appointment should have the appropriate University qualifications and industrial or related experience. The work will involve developing and organising postgraduate studies, and teaching at both undergraduate and postgraduate levels. Emphasis will be on quantitative or statistical methods in investigating problems in the organisation and planning of industrial effort. Outside consultancy is encouraged, subject to College commitments. (1) Reader in Industrial Sociology: To conduct and to supervise research into the structure and operation of industrial organisations, having regard to management theory and practice. (2) Senior Lecturer in Industrial Engineering, specialising in the quantitative aspects of management practice. (3) Senior Lecturer in Social and Experimental Psychology, specialising in the structure, characteristics and norms of human groups and their inter-relation and control. Salary scales: Reader: £1,838 by increments of £50 to a maximum of £2,151 p.a. Senior Lecturer: £1,588 by increments of £50 to a maximum of £1,801 p.a. Further particulars and forms of application obtainable from the Secretary of the College, St John Street, EC1. J. S. Tait, BSc., Ph.D, MIEE, MIMech.E., Principal.

A FEW more women over 20 can have a second chance now of liberal education which may lead to professional training for teaching, social work, etc. One-year residential course in subjects of cultural and social interest. Recognised by Ministry of Education. Grants still available: apply at once: Secretary (NS), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

LONDON County Council. Gilliatt School, Finlay Street, Fulham, SW6. This new secondary school is due to open in September 1961, combining three existing schools, but only two (Bishop's Park and Everington) buildings will be in use from September 1962. The new school, which will already have a well-established Sixth form, will offer a wide variety of courses, including some leading to GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels and RSA School Certificate (Commercial and Technical). (1) Head of Mathematics Department (£240). This post offers opportunities for experimental and original work in a school with a well-established 'O' level course, which is recruiting the full range of ability in September. (2) Graduate mistress to assist in English Department – mainly Middle School work at first. (3) Experienced mistress to assist with Art and Craft. A graded post (£90) may be available for a suitable candidate. (4) Experienced mistress for Housecraft. A graded post (£90) may be available for a suitable candidate. Application forms obtainable from and returnable to the Headmistress, (TS9/N/1850/6), Gilliatt School, at Bishop's Park School, Finlay Street, SW6.

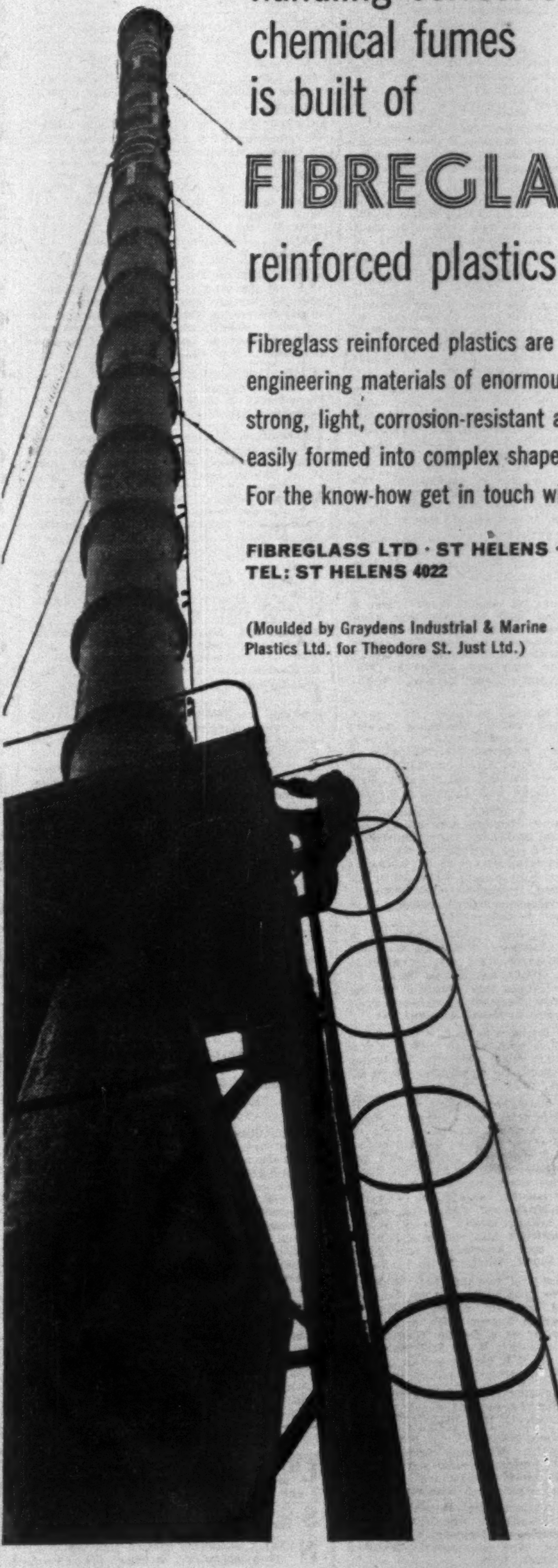
LONDON County Council. Welfare Officer, (woman) with recent practical experience, and preferably with social science qualification, required to work in Public Health Department in connection with prevention of venereal disease. Duties involve attendance at hospital VD Clinics and following up of defaulters. £754-£994, commencing according to qualifications and experience. Details and form from Medical Officer of Health, (D1/N/1722/6), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 10 July.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Part-time Psychotherapist for 4 sessions p. wk reqd at Hounslow Child Guidance Centre, School Rd, Hounslow, Middx. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised postgraduate training &/or equiv. exper. in child therapy. Fee 55s. 6d. p. session. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP), 10 Great George St, SW1, returnable by 31 July. (Quote G.617 NS).

PSYCHOLOGIST without previous clinical experience, preferably newly graduated is required to join Principal Psychologist at All Saints Hospital, Birmingham (1,100 psychiatric beds) and at Uffculme Clinic (Outpatients, day hospital, and early treatment ward, with animal behaviour, biochemical and neuropharmacological laboratories of Birmingham University). Diagnostic and vocational work including rehabilitation. In-service training provided, salary as probationer psychologist £609 x 26 – £714. (PTA Circular 72). Opportunities for research and to study for higher degree. The hospital gives regular undergraduate and postgraduate teaching in psychiatry. Visiting (by appointment) welcomed. Applications, with age, education, experience, if any, and two referees to the Medical Superintendent, All Saints Hospital, Birmingham, 18, by 15 July.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Welfare Officer, female. Salary £572 per annum rising by annual increments to £806. Contributory pension scheme. Candidates without training but with suitable background and experience would be considered. Apply in writing to the Assistant Secretary, The Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W2.

COPY-typist: temporary, 10-5 p.m. 10 guineas. MUSeum 6838.



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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FAMILY Service Units, with 14 units in London and provincial cities, will shortly have vacancies for both men and women caseworkers for families in need of long-term help. Salaries range from £625-£850 per annum and upwards for senior workers. Additional information from the Secretary, Family Service Units, 36 St Mary's Grove, London, N1.

BRITISH Council requires Assistant for Fine Arts Department London responsible for detailed preparation of exhibitions overseas. Candidates, preferably male, under 35, should have professional experience or qualifications in the fine arts. Starting salary up to £819 at age 25 or over for men, rising to £1,214 (higher starting salary may be awarded in special circumstances). Pension scheme. Write quoting G.7NS(61) and enclosing stamped addressed foolscap envelope to Recruitment Department, 65 Davies Street, London, W1, for further particulars and application form to be submitted by 5 July.

CRICHTON Royal Hospital, Dumfries. Vacancies exist for 2 Psychiatric Social Workers. One to do casework with adult patients and their families; the other to work in the residential Children's Unit where casework plays a leading part. The hospital has 1,200 beds and runs out-patient clinics for adults and children. Emphasis on teamwork. Scope for research and development of special interests. House may be available for married man. Whitley Council salary scale. Applications with names of 3 referees to Dr J. Harper, Physician Superintendent. Enquiries welcome.

ADMINISTRATIVE Officer required by the English Folk Dance and Song Society, preferably not less than 35 years of age. Should have secretarial and organising ability and interest in the Society's work. Starting salary in the range £1,500-£2,000 according to experience – compulsory contributory pension scheme. Applications with 2 references to: 'Chairman', Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Road, NW1, by 17 July, marked 'Confidential Application'.

AN OPPORTUNITY occurs in September for a young educated woman who is a good musician and interested in children and educational problems, to gain practical experience with problem children, to discuss views and ideas on education and take a responsible and well paid position after having proved common sense and ability. Board and pleasant room plus initial salary of £3 weekly without deductions; 8-10 weeks annual holiday with pay. Apply to The Principal, Salmon's Cross School, Holmbury St Mary, Surrey.

A CHALLENGING teaching job – good salary not above Burnham Scale. Elderly, young, man or woman, or married couple. Family a possibility. Straightforward Christian job of guiding and educating children who are exciting but not easy. Box 234, Charles Clarke Ltd, Haywards Heath.

ORGANISER – WEA. Organiser for development of adult courses particularly in the field of Trade Union Education. Scale £625 x £37 10s. to £925 p.a. Application forms and details from: D. M. Buckingham, Workers' Educational Association, 19 Calthorpe Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 15. Phone Edgbaston 5168/9. Closing date for application: 16 July 1961.

LONDON Region CND requires a Regional Organiser to develop activities in the London area. Must provide evidence of organising ability, and should be able to type. Salary £750 per year. Reply in writing to Francis Butler, Secretary, London Region CND, 5 Caledonian Road, London, N1.

HAMP & Boissevain seek architectural assistants & secretary in their London office. Holiday & salary plus incentive bonus this year to successful applicants. Write 37 Newton Road, W2.

BLACKIE, Publishers, have a vacancy in the Art Editorial Dept of their London Office for an assistant designer (male or female). The work involves all aspects of the design of children's books, and the post is a responsible one. Ideal qualifications: previous experience in the publishing field, practical knowledge of typographical design/layout and some degree of personal artistic ability. Salary dependent on experience and suitability. Write stating age and experience to: 16/18 William IV Street, WC2.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind would be glad to receive applications from sighted men or women willing to learn the Braille System with a view to making a career as a Braille Transcriber. Salary while training. Write Staff Sec., 224 Gt Portland St, W1, giving partics of age, education and present occupation (if any).

YOUNG Solicitor required to work with prospective Labour candidate. Good salary and prospects. Box 4042.

DRYAD Handicrafts, 93 Gt Russell St (near British Museum) need young lady assistant, preferably with some knowledge of crafts. Good position and salary for suitable person. Applicns to The Manageress

'YOUTH Against the Bomb', Youth CND newspaper, urgently requires voluntary experienced business manager to promote sales. Age immaterial. Write 2 Carthusian Street, EC1.

DESIGN group offers partnership to man or woman as business manager. Some capital would help. Box 4037.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PUBLISHERS seek responsible secretary for managing director; varied, interesting work; age-range 22-45; accuracy before speed; start £12 10s.; LV's, 5-day week, pension scheme, fine new offices; ring for appointment FLE. 7102, ext. 28.

HUGH Jenkins, AGS of Actors' Equity needs an exceptionally competent secretary. Salary over TU scale. Apply in writing to: 8 Harley Street, London, W1.

SECRETARY required by small social welfare agency N Kensington. Duties varied, typing, bookkeeping essential. Opportunity to gain knowledge social work. Comm. salary £575/600 plus lunches. Family Service Unit, 36 Colville Terr., W11. BAY. 6357.

SECRETARY, 18/22, for Oil Co., W1. Salary to £11 + LV's. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUN. 0676.

OPPORTUNITY for intelligent married woman in busy interesting office; typing essential, shorthand optional. To work simple 3-line switchboard. 10-4 or more to suit. Write: Assistant Secretary, Overseas Development Institute, 160 Piccadilly, W1.

MEMBER of Parliament with 16-year-old daughter, living Central London, requires housekeeper (not domestic servant). Interesting post with excellent conditions for intelligent, educated person not over 45 years of age. Write with general particulars. Box 4123.

THE Arts Council of Great Britain requires an experienced shorthand-typist for Art Department & junior male ledger clerk. Telephone Mr Wightman, WHI. 9737.

HORIZON Holidays have vacancy for intelligent young lady (junior) with shorthand-typing desiring congenial job. Pl. tel. Continental Manager, MAY. 2965.

WORTHWHILE work! Cook urgently needed for small Rudolf Steiner school for backward children. Residential, vegetarian. Maximum numbers 45. Ravenswood School, Crowthorne, Berks.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm. & temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

IF you can't get to Wimbledon, how about tea, a chat and a job with Winifred Johnson (Office Staff Bureau), 114 Holborn, EC1, next to Gamages. HOL. 0390.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

VISUALISE the value to a genuine humanitarian organisation with challenging aims and worthy motives, of the full-time services of a young Solicitor, sincere but selective, having very good honours qualifications and three years' general experience. Willing travel if reqd. Box 4050.

DYED-in-the-pink egghead, tired of compromise, seeks honest bread, lightly buttered. 27, university trained, logophile. Please write Box 4034.

FIRST-class sec. (28) sks living wage outside industry & commerce, for interesting and responsible work. Box 3832.

SEC.-sh./typist with long exp. sks intg job pref. NW London. Box 4090.

STUDENT seeks employment for one year. Social work preferred. Box 4022.

FELLOWSHIPS & SCHOLARSHIPS

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

Department of Economics
and Commerce

Applications are invited for appointment to two Research Fellowships and two Research Scholarships in Industrial Management in the Department of Economics and Commerce. The value of a Research Fellowship will be up to a maximum of £1,500 a year and of a Research Scholarship £350 a year plus fees. Candidates should have good honours degrees in subjects which would enable them to pursue their proposed researches in the field of industrial management. For Research Fellowships, evidence of research ability would also be an advantage.

Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should reach The Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 31 August 1961.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

LIGHT, comf. flat, quiet Chelsea square, suit one, available 15 July, 2-3 months. 7 gns per week. Box 4095.

S/C. furn. flat for couple, one required for nursing, 3 rooms, etc. Box 4027.

NEWLY decorated furn. b/sit., sep. kit., own entrance. Regent's Pk. Prof. woman only. 4½ gns weekly. PRI. 6947.

LGE b/s. in delightful quiet Hampstd flat, c.h.w., tel., lift. Box 4155.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

FAMILY house near Hampstead Heath. 3 double bedrooms, all amenities, available 21 July to 4 Sept. Box 4115.

PLEAS. Bloomsbury furn. flat. 2 rms, k., b. Free 16 July 5 wks. Reas. Box 4124.

BROMPTON. 1 of 3 men leaving top-floor flat: bed-sitting room, share k. & b. £3 10s. KENsington 4375 evenings.

SMALL white bed-sit.-room in three-girl flat 5 minutes walk British Museum. £3 per week. Box 4028.

FLAT, near Victoria, sleep 2/3, 24 July-4 August. Rent 7 gns. Box 4062.

WANTED for 14 July: third girl to share Bloomsbury flat. Own room. 13 gns monthly. Box 4067.

HOME-Hunting? The quickest and cheapest way to find an attractive flat or room in any part of NW London is to contact PAS, 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

S/C. furn. flat; 2 rooms, kitchen, bath. St John's Wood. No pets, no children. 8 gns p.w. Ring Wood WHI. 0353, Ext. 27.

SELF-contained luxury flat Knightsbridge to let 3-4 weeks. 10 gns. CUN. 0206.

HAMPSTEAD, sunny furnished maisonette, 3 bedrooms, large lounge, telephone. 12 gns p.w. Box 4150.

PROF. woman would share s/c. flat Hampstead July, Aug. 4 gns. PRI. 4009.

HAMPSTEAD near tube, to let July for 3 months: 2-roomed furnished flat, suit 2 girls or married couple. £6 p.w. Also furn. room for girl 4 gns p.w. HAM. 4488.

OVERLOOKING river at Putney, 20 mins West End: attract. bed-sit.-rm in good house. £2 12s. 6d. VAN. 5680 or Box 4137.

DELIGHT. sit. 17th C. Sussex cott. Furn., el., main water. Accom. 6. Easy reach coast. Free to 12 Aug.; 23 Sept. onward. Wkly/longer. 9-11 gns. S.a.e. Box 4126.

BACHELOR flat and garden for £75 per annum. Furn. living-room, bedroom. All electric bathroom and kitchenette self-contained on 1st floor old manor house midway Gloucester-Hereford for single quiet man only. Write with particulars to Box 4101.

COUNTRY cottage, Lammermuirs beauty spot; fishing, bathing, etc. 2 bedrooms; also caravan, 4-berth; Vacancies 15, 29 July; 12, 19, 26 August. All Sept. 5 gns wkly. Rathburne, Longformacus, Berwickshire.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG Aust. univ. lecturer, wife, seek furnished flat. NW area. Box 4019.

PROF. couple from New Zealand sk furn. flat Central/outer London. Box 4023.

YOUNG man sks furn. cottage (or similar). North of Thames, reasonable distance London. Longish let. Box 4040.

FLAT reqd W3, W12. Couple, child 2½. Willing care-take, baby-sit. Reasonable rent. Furn./unfurnished. Box 4039.

CAMBRIDGE graduate couple English/Jamaican seek s/c. flat, unfurn. (5 gns), furn. (7 gns) near City. Box 4068.

EALING. 2 good rms, kit., bath, reqd by prof. woman, permanent. Box 3788.

WANTED in or near Gloucester Cres., NW1, sparsely or unfurn. 2-room flat. S/c. Sept. or sooner. Write Box 4047.

BERTO Pasuka needs flat, share. Please write: Box 4026.

DESPAIRING yng Chartered Engineer, wife, sk Mews prop. Condn immaterial. Lease purchased. No agents pl. Box 4035.

YOUNG Indian prof. couple sk s/c flat. £6 or £7 p.w. From August. Box 4031.

YG lady sks sunny unf. s/c. flat. Write Panther, 3 Belsize Park Gdns, NW3.

WOMAN graduate reqs term-time accom., during 1 year's Soc. Science course, in Bristol, from Oct. 1961. L. B. Rees, Reid Hall, Bedford College, NW1.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BLACKHEATH Pk. Period studio conversion in beaut. gdn. 2 lge rms, kit.-bkfast-rm, bathrm. Parquet throughout. Garage space. Lse 74 yrs. £4,650. LEE 6213.

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DERBYSHIRE Peak District. Moderate terms. Own produce. Garage. Hillside Guest House, Hope. Tel. 270.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 426.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted N. S. Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

MIDHURST District. A charming old Manor house standing in 4 acres off the beaten track, all our own produce, billiards, croquet, putting, licensed bar, an ideal spot for a quiet holiday. Southdowns Hotel, Trotton, Nr Petersfield, Rogate 93.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse. Beautiful & remote position Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Mod. comfort, good food & fires. Friendly & informal, 7-8 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 566.

DEVON. Old Court, Berrynarbor, Ilfracombe. Centrally heated guest house in Old World village. 1 mile sea. French & English cuisine, 6-9 gns per week. Tel. Combe Martin 3066.

NORTH Wales. Vegetarian and Vegan Guest House, nr mountains & sea. Lovely woodland garden. Brochure from Jeannie and George Lake, 'Plas-y-coed', Penmaen Park, Llanfairfechan. Tel. 161. VCA Mem.

SUSSEX. Glyndebourne visitors and others welcome 18th Cent. Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rms, b'fast. Tel. 3773.

WEST Cornwall. In fishing village. 7 gns weekly. Food home-cooked. Own boat. Lambourn, Mousehole. Mousehole 236.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views good exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch., Mr & Mrs N. Lusby, VCA Mems. Tel. 508.

STUDIO. Large but dilapidated and full board in country cottage. August. 7 gns per week. Box 4048.

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for
ART & ARCHITECTURE

A few vacancies remain on four parties this summer – travel one way air, one way rail and sea by way of Venice.
Dep. 28 July & 25 Aug. 19 days – 59 gns
Dep. 14 Aug. & 11 Sept. 15 days – 55 gns

also

ROME & FLORENCE
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(Dep. 30 July, 14 days – 41 gns)

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(Dep. 24 Aug., 16 days – 35 gns)

Also Language Courses, Painting Holidays, Music Festival Tours (tickets left for Salzburg).

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GREEK and Italian Villa Parties for intelligent young people. Prices (from 41 gns in Italy and 59 gns in Greece) include free trips by minibus, car, boat or 'Murison-cart', free wine, use of snorkels (aqualungs on Elba) and travel mostly by air. Murison Small, Travel Organiser, 11 Beauchamp Place, SW3. PARk 7055.

LAKE Garda, Italy – Four vacs in priv. party. Good hotel. Bathing, mountains, dancing. 2 nights Venice incld. 16 days, 10-25 Aug. 41½ gns. T. & P. Forman, 135 Pollards Hill Sth, Ldn, SW16. POL. 2230.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1961 booklet 'Better Holidays', Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101

RONDA, Andalusia. Long vacation courses in Spanish. Board and tuition £9 9s. per week. Box 3868.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage av to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian Natl Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, WC1. HOL. 1193.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset, school farm. TT cows. All-round practical & cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principal: E. C. Urban.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, co-education 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

SUMMERHILL School has a few vacancies. Self-government. Freedom but not licence. GCE, individual tuition. Co-ed. of course. Very moderate fees. A. S. Neill, Leiston, Suffolk. Phone 40.

THE Town and Country School accepts a small group of boarders, boys and girls, from the age of five. Emphasis on Progress in Education, especially in the technique of Modern Language Teaching. 38/40 Eton Avenue, NW3. SWIss Cottage 3391. E. Paul, Ph.D.

WYCHWOOD Girls School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes, exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA.

LECTURES, etc.—contd from p.1068

ANOTHER SCR Garden Party to meet Soviet visitors, Sunday, 9 July, 3 p.m. Guests expected: Kukryniksy cartoonists; playwright Arbuzov; writers Kaverin and Kassil; singer Irina Maslennikova; and others. SCR House, 14 Kensington Sq., W8. 2s. 6d. inc. refreshments. Another Garden Party 23 July. Reserve dates now.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., London, SW1. Wed. 5 July, 6.30 p.m., Annual General Meeting (members only), 7 p.m., Address by the President (open to the public). Also Sat. 8 July at 3 p.m. Saturday Group (readings, discussion, tea). Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs.: TAT. 1313.

'FRIENDS and the Bible', speaker, Arthur J. White, 6.30 p.m. Sunday 2 July, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

'ABSOLUTE Reality' (Life and how to live it). Dr Alfred Aiken, lecturer and author of New York, will be giving three Open Lectures as follows: Sunday 9 July at 3 p.m. at Agriculture House, Hyde Park Corner, Monday and Wednesday 10 & 12 July at 7 p.m. at Caxton Hall, Westminster. Information as to Closed Classes (2 forums, each of 3 sessions) from FRO. 2673.

VEGETARIANISM. A talk by Mr Lightowler of The London Vegetarian Society, followed by discussion. All welcome. Sharon Soc., 2 Soho Sq., W1, Sun., 2 July, 8 p.m. 4s. 6d. incl. refreshments.

CARON Kent discussion night: 'The Influence of the Unconscious on General Health', 7.30 p.m. Tuesday 4 July, Overseas League, St James Street, Park Pl, SW1. Sec., Ian Henderson, REG. 7521.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

WHAT'S on in July? For details of Progressive League activities, send s.a.e. to Pope, 45 Claremont Road, E7.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 2 July, 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Humanist Treatment of Neuroses': David Tribe.

PROF. H. Levy, DSc. on The Degeneration of Intellectual Man, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun., 2 July, 11 a.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

LONDON County Council. Architectural Training Scheme. The Council offers to train a few selected candidates as architects. Men and women are eligible. Successful trainees will be employed in the Architect's Department. Applicants must be below the age of 25 years on 1 October 1961, and must at the time of application, have passed the General Certificate of Education in five subjects of which at least two must be at 'A' level. Subjects passed must include English language and mathematics or a science subject. Qualifications recognised by the RIBA for registration as probationer are acceptable. Further particulars and application form returnable by 12 July 1961, from the Architect to the Council (EK/N/1688/6), County Hall, SE1.

THE University of Manchester. Diploma in Educational Psychology (Child Guidance). The University offers a one-year course of training for educational psychologists in the schools psychological service. Applications for admission in October are invited from teachers with at least two years' experience of teaching who are honours graduates in psychology or who have equivalent qualifications in educational psychology. Applications should be submitted without delay to the Secretary, Faculty of Education, Dover Street, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

TRAINING Centre for Education and allied arts in the method of Rudolf Steiner. One or two year Course commences October. For prospectus write: Secretary, Michael Hall, Forest Row, Sussex.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for London University Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB, BD), & certain Diplomas, General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). Moderate fees. Prospectus post free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons, Auth. Span. meth. Personal & class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar', Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. COV. 0754.

A BETTER chance for your child. With GCE behind him, your child has the world before him. Make sure of success with a Mayflower Postal Course; single subjects or complete syllabus. Qual. teachers; low fees. Details free from Mayflower College, Dept N22, Masons Avenue, Croydon.

CHINESE Corresp. College: also Cantonese, Japanese, Scient. Chinese, 33 oral crses priv. tuition. Transln serv. (NS7), 13 Park Ave Nth, London, N8. MOU 2615.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg and Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7. KEN. 4771.

LECTURE COURSES etc.—continued

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

TOUCH-typing. Learn in 12-24 private lessons. Miss Sutton. FLAxman 7967.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

RUSSIAN Conversation Classes taking place at Morley College in July 1961, on Wednesdays and Fridays at 6-9 p.m. Enquiries: PARk 5582, mornings only.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals' Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes. Private lessons Beginners to Advanced; all with French teachers. Correspondence courses. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). (TRA. 2044).

SUMMER SCHOOLS

A FEW places still left. Fabian Family Summer School. St David's College, Lampeter, 29 July-5 August. Socialism and Social Values. Director: W. T. Rodgers. 5-12 August. Social Democracy and Society. Director: George Thomson, MP. Lecturers to include: C. A. R. Crosland, MP, Lionel Elvin, John Greve, A. H. Halsey, Albert Hunt, Alan Lovell, Hugh Morris, Dennis Potter, Anthony Sampson, Ben Segal, Bernard Williams, Shirley Williams, Richard Wollheim. Full detls from: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. (WHI. 3077).

NEW Left Summer School, Ruskin College, Oxford. 'New Problems in International Affairs'. Ron Segal, Claude Bourdet, Judith Hart, John Rex. 29 July-4 Aug. £7. Applications to Schools Secretary, 40 St Paul's Rd, N1.

DRAMA & Living Research: 2-9 Aug. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also 'International Friendship Group'. 9-23 Aug. 'Holiday Painting & Sketching'.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 8 May to 15 Sept. 1961 Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed Book for week, fortnight or longer Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio. Newlyn. Penzance. Cornwall.

LANDSCAPE Painting in Suffolk. Holiday classes for advanced students and beginners Professional tuition. Send for prospectus. Box 3795.

PERSONAL

WANTED in London area: large, old, even dilapidated, but structurally sound house for group of people concerned in developing pioneer project with unhappy children. Box 4032.

WE have reasonable income but no capital and need good unfurnished accom. in or near London for selves, 3 children. Buy or rent. Please help. Box 4086.

SCHOOLTEACHERS' vocation or vacation? Campaign being organised. Anyone interested please write Box 3962.

INTELLIGENT, trustworthy gentlewoman, friendly, seeks refined home with kindly, intelligent and sympathetic woman as sole guest. Permanent if happy. No nursing home or nurses; no children. Definitely not an invalid but requires a little assistance in dressing, etc., owing to shock after recent bereavement. Nothing to alarm. Needs very large room with big window, sunny if possible. Warmth most essential; two separate plugs for wireless and fire, and h. & c. fitted basin; good food. All meals in own room. Lover of good music. Gladly offers £5 10s. weekly for congenial home. Address: Mrs Gwen M. Frostick, c/o Mrs Phillipps, Kerrow Moor, Bugle, Cornwall.

FEW vacancies Teenagers' German Language Course, Basel (Bale), Switzerland. 17 August to 7 September. Accomm. private families. Tel.: Hatch End 4605.

AFTER 30 years of misery I found the way to relieve catarrh. My method is the result of many years' research, and it is most successful. 3d. stamp for details: S. R. Underwood (NS), 176 Regent Court, Sheffield, 6.

CHILDREN'S Summer holidays in happy surroundings. Every care. Thanet House, Callis Court Rd, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

PERSONAL—continued

WILL any family offer a home to an intelligent, partly-coloured small girl? For further details, please write to The Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham, 3. Telephone No. Central 4124.

BRISTOL or district. Young couple, teacher and reporter, no children, require unfurn. flat/house, long term: Carter, 25 Dornton Road, South Croydon, Surrey.

YEAR'S rent in advance plus reliable baby-sitting offered mum by ex-mum in exch. nice room in friendly hse. Box 4089.

MALE, 31, fit, fairly intelligent, wants holiday work 2-16 Sept. Usefulness first importance. Box 4091.

LADY, 40, wishes start small business, would welcome serious, working partner; suggestions. Box 4073.

FIVE vacancies exist on Independent Boys' School journey to Finistère, 28 Aug. - 10 Sept. Details PINner (Middx) 0271.

IDA Kar, Photographer. Portrait sittings from 25 gns. REGent 2503.

JOIN The Magic Eye Film Society, 154 Bayswater Rd, W2, now, and you will enjoy good films, make new friends and become a free Associate Member of The National Film Theatre. Details from Secretary, above address.

PAINTING and Art Appreciation. Studio overlooking unspoilt Sennen Cove specialises in inexpensive 7-day courses for beginners. Details K. L. Moss, 'Pendare', Escalls, Sennen, Cornwall.

CHILDREN in Our Hands. Hungry, lost, frightened. They have eaten earth and grass. Now being nourished, sheltered and educated in an orphanage near Tunis. We need £4,000 a year to maintain 140 boys, Algerian Refugee Children. Please support this work of mercy and send to: Rt Hon. James Griffiths, War on Want, London, W5.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO 9595), for conversn & tuition.

NOT C. of E.? Perhaps Humanist. Write Ethical Union (F), 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

'WHAT a brilliant idea Dr Zamenhof had when he realised that a common language could unite mankind'. (Vinoba Bhave, 1960). Learn Esperanto.

DE LEON Drama Summer School. Patrons Kenneth Tynan, Peter Brook. 1-12 Aug. at Richmond Institute of Further Educ. Write 254b Kew Rd, Richmond, Sy.

APOLOGIES for those who have tried to telephone MAI. 3200 for appointments. I am not on holiday but my telephone has been intermittently out of order. Anthony Panting, photographer, 30 Abbey Gardens, NW8.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Details: Setogni, WEL. 6655.

BEAUTY Specialist (Diplomée) gives all modern beauty treatments, electrical facials, etc. Sandra Robson. CUN. 3292.

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4¾% Interest (Tax paid by The New Homes Building Soc., E. Twickenham). Invest in a Society devoted only to assist owner-occupiers. Chair: A. Marlowe, MP.

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46). 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

EDUCATED S/T. reqd on own Temporary Staff. Call Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

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PERSONAL—continued

APPOINTMENT with Cyril Connolly. Malcolm Muggeridge will talk with Cyril Connolly on ITV, Friday night, 30 June at 10.30 p.m. Granada TV.

'BASIC Symbols: Movement' at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, 28-31 July; 'Drama & Living Research', 2-9 Aug. Checkendon 221.

IMPECCABLE printing for NS readers. Letterheads to books. The Blado Press, 171 Strand, Surrey St, WC2. TEM. 2545.

SHORTHAND-typists: Temporary, 10-5 p.m. £12. Clerks, temporary, 6s. per hour. MUSeum 6858.

MRS P. Perlow, psychologist, 89 Somerton Rd, Cricklewood, NW2. GLA 2400.

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SPEECH Training. English for foreigners. Miss Shackman, LRAM. SLO. 4154.

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COMMON Market questions and answers; Juvenile Crime; Labour Research, 1s. 2d. p.f., 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

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TRANSATLANTIC Review No. 6 now on sale at Blackwells, Oxford and London booksellers, or from 33 Ennismore Gardens, SW7. Contributors include William Faulkner, Peter Viereck, Jeremy Brooks, Mary Cecil, Henry Van Dyke, Alfred Andersch, E. M. Cioran, etc. Drawings by Eugene Berman, Elaine de Kooning, Fairfield Porter, Jane Freilicher, and other artists. 6s. net.

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NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
Covent Garden, WC2

Until 15 July
THE LENINGRAD STATE
KIROV BALLET
Evgs 7.30, Mat. Sats at 2.0
Box Office Tel.: COVent Garden 1066.

THEATRES

JEROME ROBBINS':
'BALLETS USA'

Season 1 to 19 August

2nd Programme commences 10 August

SAVILLE THEATRE

Shaftesbury Ave, WC2. TEM. 4011.

FESTIVAL Players present: 'The Importance of Being Earnest', 7.30, on 7, 8 July at Stanhope Theatre, Stanhope St, NW (nr Warren St Tube). Adm. 3s. 6d.

MERMAID (CITy 7656). Until 15 July, The Andersonville Trial. 6 & 8.40. 'Makes one of the most absorbing duels I have seen on the stage' – New Statesman.

MOUNTVIEW Theatre, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. MOU. 5885. (212, 41 buses). Present Arnold Wesker Trilogy. 4-8 July 'Chicken Soup with Barley', 11-15 July 'Roots', 18-22 July 'I'm Talking about Jerusalem'. 7.45 p.m. Members only. Associate Membership 7s. 6d. per annum. 2 free tickets new associate members.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15, Thurs. 2.30, Arnold Wesker's 'The Kitchen'.

STRAND. TEM. 2660. Evgs 7.30, Thur., Sat. 2.30. Jeremy Brett in 'Hamlet'. Until 15 July. 'A vivid young Hamlet', D. Mail.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8, Sat. 5 & 8. 'They Might Be Giants'.

TOWER. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30): 'The Lady's Not For Burning' 29, 30 June, 1 July. Orig. revue 'Look! No Eyebrows' 7, 8 (Mems 9 at 7), 12, 13, 14, 15 July at 7.30.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. British première Bertolt Brecht's 'Visions of Simone Machard', Music Eisler. Trans A. Hinchliffe. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Members.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'Private Lives' by Noel Coward, 4, 5, 6 July. 'Pillars of Society' by Henrik Ibsen, 7 July. Perfs 2.30 & 7.30. Adm. free.

CONCERT

POP Concert USA. The Cleveland Pops Orchestra, Louis Lane, conductor. Morton Gould: 'American Salute'. Aaron Copland: Three Dance Episodes from 'Rodeo'. Walter Piston: Ballet Suite from 'The Incredible Flutist'. Leonard Bernstein: Overture to 'Candide'. Leroy Anderson: 'Serenata'. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 6 July, 12.30 p.m. Admission free.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THE
COMING OF
TALKIES
Little Caesar,
Hell's Angels,
All Quiet on the Western Front.
Membership details:
NATIONAL FILM THEATRE
WAT. 3232/33.

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Spirit of the Dance' (U). Prog. of dance films.

DANCE, International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Sat. 1 July, 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets: 4s. 6d.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

6th Beaulieu
JAZZ FESTIVAL
Continental and American Stars
29 and 30 JULY
Send S.A.E. for information and tickets (limited and sold in advance only):
Afternoon 7s. 6d., evening 12s. 6d., season 32s. 6d., from:
Jazz Office, Beaulieu, Hants.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 2 July: D. W. Griffith's 'Intolerance' (A). From 3 July: 'Brief Encounter' (A). Renoir's 'Une Partie de Campagne' (A).

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. Summer pictures of the sea, flowers, the countryside, by Renoir, Dufy, Boudin, Lowry, at 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. Catalogue 2s.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). 'Some Aspects of 20th Century Art'. Dubuffet, Gris, Klee, Leger, Picasso, Pollock, de Stael, Moore, etc. Admn free. 10-5, Sats 10-12. Opens 1 July.

BATH Academy of Art, Corsham, Wiltshire. Summer Exhibition: 7, 8, 9 July, 3 to 7 p.m. daily.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Australian Painting 1961. Until 23 July. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

RETROSPECTIVE Exhibition, Marsden Hartley, paintings and drawings. Until 15 July, USIS Gallery, American Embassy, Upper Brook St ent., W1, 9-6, Sat. 1-5.

HAMPSTEAD Art Cellar, 1 Heath St, NW3. Recent paintings by Rhoda Pepys, until 15 July. Wkdays 2-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Paintings by Guy Worsdell, Mansell Rivers, Billie Waters. 19 June-8 July. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1

MOLTON Gallery. Paul Klee: Oils, gouaches, drawings. 21 June-15 July. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Queenswood artists. 10-5.30. Thursday 10-1. Saturday 10-7.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George Street, W1. Sculpture: Arp, Butler, César, Giacometti, Hoflehner, Laurens, Matisse, Marini, Moore, Picasso, Richier. Until 1 Sept. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Editions original prints – Bawden, Chadwick, Cheese, Grant, Gross, Piper, Rothenstein, Trevelyan, etc. Opens 28 June.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 15 July. Selection 50 artists from Salon des Réalitiés Nouvelles.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St, W1. At the New London Gallery (HYD. 6195). Henry Moore Stone and Wood Carvings. In aid of RAF Benevolent Fund. Adm. 2s. 6d., students 1s. 10-5, Sats 10-12.

INTERNATIONAL architectural exhibition, 'The Architecture of Technology'. 4-29 July, Mon.-Sat. 10-6 (Closed Sunday). IUA Exhibition Building, South Bank near County Hall.

ARCHITECTURE Today: Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 29 July. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent sculpture: Elisabeth Frink. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

POLAND'S Architecture. Exhibition in conn. with 6th Congress Int'l Union of Architects. Mon.-Fri. 3-21 July, 10 a.m.-5.30 p.m. Admission free. Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. William Copley until 17 July. Paintings. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Mems free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

AGNEW Gallery, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. English and French Engravings of the 18th and 19th Centuries. 9.30-5.30, Saturdays 9.30-1.0.

DAUMIER: Paintings and Drawings. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 30 July. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admission 3s. 6d.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Gwen John (1876-1939): Paintings and Drawings. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 8 July. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

DANGER OF NUCLEAR WAR OVER BERLIN! DO WE WANT TO DIE FOR BERLIN? DO WE WANT GERMAN FORCES UNDER EX-NAZI OFFICERS IN BRITAIN?

Come to THE CONFERENCE ON GERMANY – A PEACEFUL SOLUTION

SAT. 8 JULY, 2.0 – 7.0. p.m. City Literary Institute, Stukeley Street, WC2.

W. A. G. Roberts, Councillor Peggy Middleton, LCC, Gordon Schaffer, who has recently visited Germany.

All organisations invited to send delegates, 2s. 6d. Visitors and observers, 1s.

Credentials from: London Peace Campaign, 5 Shaw's Cottages, Perry Rise, SE23.

EAST AFRICAN LEADERS UNITE ON ANGOLA AND RELEASE OF JOMO KENYATTA

Sunday 2 July, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, 2.30 p.m.

Speakers: Nyerere, Gichuru, Mboya, Ngala, Obote and Kiwanuka.

FORWARD BRITAIN
Meeting for the
INDEPENDENCE AND
SOVEREIGNTY OF BRITAIN AND
THE BRITISH PEOPLE
Speaker: R. W. Briginshaw
Questions
THURSDAY, 6 JULY, 7 p.m.
(music from 6.30 p.m.)
SCOTTISH CORPORATION HALL,
FETTER LANE, EC4.
Forward Britain Movement,
90 Bishopsgate, London, EC2.
Telephone enquiries: WATerloo 7509.

'PROTEST AGAINST THE MASSACRES IN ANGOLA!'

Trafalgar Square Evening Rally,

Saturday, 8 July, at 7.30 p.m.

African and British speakers.

Organised by MCF and CAO.

MAPAM Open Forum – Symposium on '50 Years of the Kibbutz Movement' at 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6 on Saturday, 1 July, 8 p.m. Speakers: Mrs Y. Merhav, A. Yaari & P. Merhav. All welcome.

NLR Education Group. 4 July, 6 p.m. Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Discussion with Children, and planning next session.

SILENCE till Peace Campaign Inaugural Meetg Tues. 8 Aug. Friends House 7.30.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ACTION AGAINST POLARIS
Sunday, 2 July, St Pancras Town Hall
Rally to launch new civil disobedience campaign against Polaris
2.30 p.m. Supporters' Meeting
7 p.m. Public Rally
Robert Bolt, J. B. S. Haldane, Clifford Macquire and other Committee of 100 Speakers
COMMITTEE OF 100

ATV's 'Forum', Sunday, 2 July. Motion: 'The present level of crime calls for more strictness in the home and more severity in the courts'. Main speakers: Geoffrey Howe and Ken Post. Why not join the audience and take part yourself in live programme? Be at the studios, 98 Highbury New Park, N5, by 1 p.m.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Thursday 6 July at 8.15 p.m. Architecture: A discussion on the book 'Motopia' by G. A. Jellicoe. Speakers: Ian Nairn, Nigel Seymer. Chairman: C. D. Buchanan. Members 2s. Nonmembers 3s. 6d. Saturday 8 July, Visit to the American Museum in Britain, Claverton, Bath. £2 10s. Includes train, coach tour of Bath, entrance to Museum, special cookie tea.

AFRICA – Freedom from Hunger, you are invited to an important residential conference organised by Oxford Committee for Famine Relief. Speakers include The Director of Nutrition UN, FAO, Arthur Gaitskell, and well-known authorities on African agriculture, economics and medicine. 24 to 29 July, at St Peter's Hall, Oxford. Inclusive cost £9 10s., students £6. Write for details to: Hon. Richard Hill, 17 Broad Street, Oxford.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Douglas Jay, MP, on 'The Common Market'. Wed. 5 July, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d.

USA – A filmed visit to modern America. San Francisco – A filmed tour of the city. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday 6 July, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

THE Society for Education through Art invites you to a reading and discussion of Sir Herbert Read's 'Third Realm of Education' (a most important statement on the place of Art in Education) in the Lecture Theatre of the Victoria & Albert Museum (Exhibition Road entrance) on Wednesday, 5 July, at 8 p.m. Sir Herbert Read will be present and will take part in the discussion.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Mon. 3 July, 8 p.m. Evening of Soviet Literature – Sov. writers and poets taking part: G. Abashidze, V. Azhaev, I. Andronikov, M. Bazhan, V. Ivanov, B. Polevoi, N. Rybak, A. Surkov and S. Tchikovani. (In Russian with translation). Seats to be reserved. No meeting on Friday, 30 June.

FREE The World From War, Rally, Trafalgar Square. Saturday, 1 July, 3 p.m. Eileen Fletcher, Victor Gollancz, Clifford Macquire, Stuart Morris, Sybil Morrison, Michael Randle, Myrtle Solomon, Donald Soper. March to the Square from Marble Arch with Pipe Band. Assemble 1.30 p.m. Organised by Pacifist Fortnight Campaign, 6 Endsleigh St, London, WC1. EUS. 5501.

THE following lecture on Government of Greater London will be given at the London School of Economics, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2, at 5 p.m.: Greater London Borough by Professor W. A. Robson – 4 July. Admn free without Ticket.

'NEW Lines' – an illustrated talk on modern poetry. The New Jewish Society, in the Simon Marks Room, YWCA, 108 Baker Street, W1, on Wed. 5 July at 8 p.m.

'THEOSOPHY: Recorded Wisdom'. Public lecture. 2 July, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

LECTURES, etc.—contd on p.1067

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